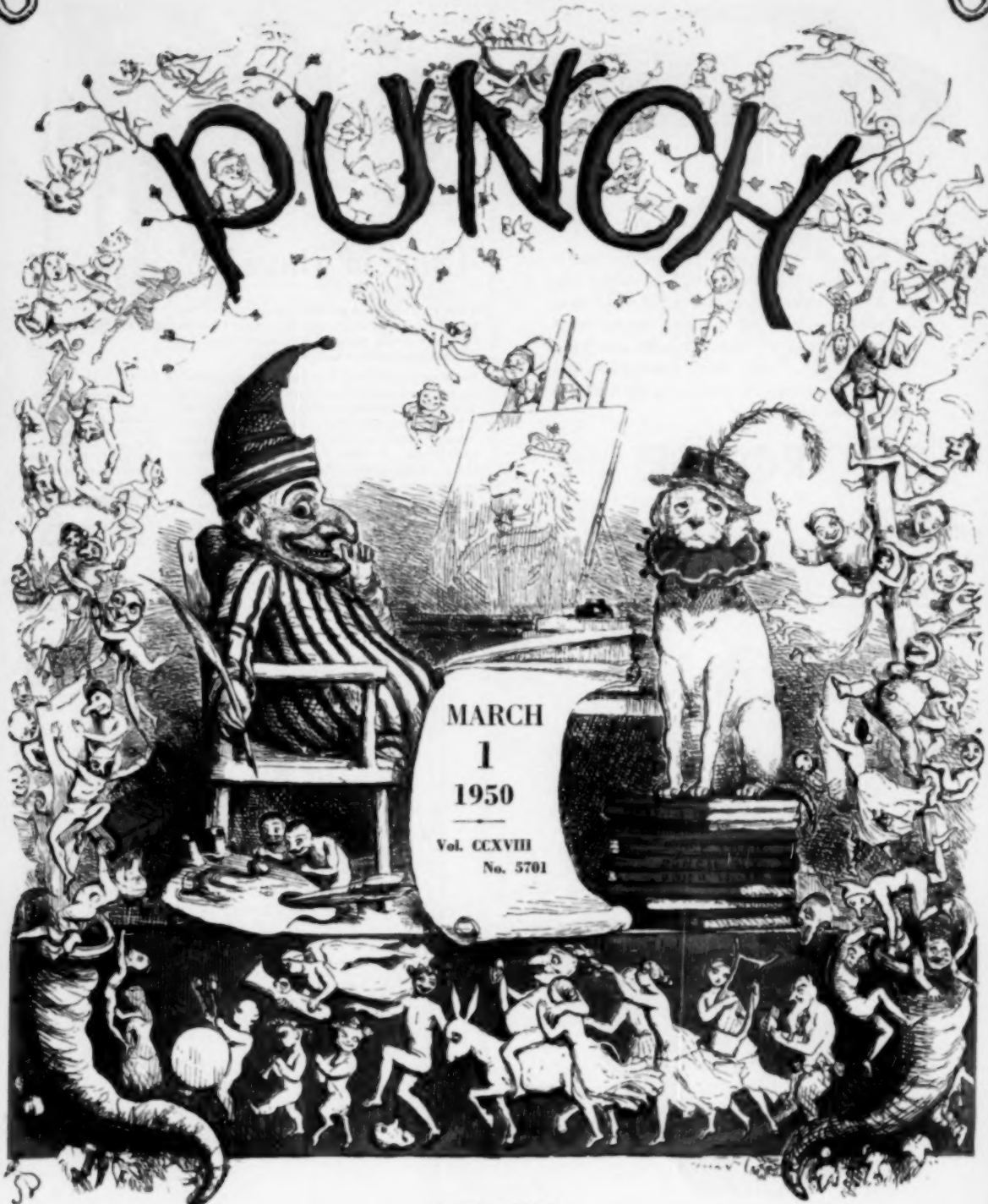


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1 1950

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



The new Rover Seventy-Five

Progress in profile! Everyone knew that when a new Rover made its appearance, it would not only be an uncommonly fine motor car, but would be of a design prescribed not by fashion but by sound engineering advances. Here it is — the new Rover 'Seventy-Five'. Faster, safer, more comfortable and more economical, it is a worthy successor in a high quality lineage.

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

The Rover Company Limited Solihull Birmingham & Devonshire House London

CVS-127



Made by **ABDULLA** for those who prefer the American style of blend



'Come in, chum! . . '

When your son steps out into the world and perhaps leaves home to live among strangers for the first time, it will mean a lot to you to know that he is finding the right kind of friends.

Every day, the Y.M.C.A. is doing for somebody's son what you would wish someone to do for yours. At home and abroad, for young men in the Forces and others embarking on civilian careers, it provides the means of physical, mental and spiritual refreshment. It offers the interests, friendships and encouragements every young man needs when he can no longer live at home.

Will you help the Y.M.C.A. to maintain and extend its work for other men's sons . . . and maybe your own? Please give generously and promptly

Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund: 112, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1



Y.M.C.A. WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

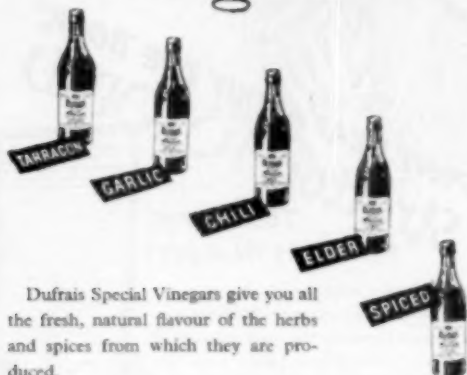
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Toilet Soaps

All who are sensitive to the finer shades of quality delight in Cussons hand finished Imperial Leather Toilet Soaps.

CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD., 6, BROOK ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON W.1



Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

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**Macfarlane
Lang**



*By appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to H.M. the King
Macfarlane, Lang & Co. Ltd.*

E S T A B L I S H E D 1 8 1 7

Dad likes



the lower fuel bills



Prestige pressure cookers

Mother likes the saving in cooking time with less labour. The whole family likes the better flavour of pressure-cooked food — 'Prestige' cooked! There are four models, from 72/6. Sold everywhere. *Product of Platers and Stampers Ltd.*

"Before you begin,
get good counsel"

SALLUST



Foreign trade is so complicated nowadays that it is essential to get advice before embarking on export business.

Our Foreign Branches can handle the financial problems which arise, and deal with the technicalities.

MARTINS BANK

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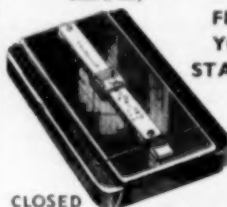
LONDON FOREIGN BRANCH:
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LIVERPOOL FOREIGN BRANCH: 4, Water Street, 2.
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TELEPHONE
NUMBERS IN A JIFFY

Simply set the indicator to the initial of the person wanted, press the button, and Fonopad opens at the required page.

Plastic De Luxe Model 27/6 • Junior Model 15/-
Black or Ivory Black Enamelled



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If difficulty in obtaining write

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8 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES which make BAG BOY

The World's Finest GOLF CART



£7.10.0

Plus 61.13.4 Purchase Tax

Ask your club professional to show you one and order through him. Also available from sports stores or write manufacturers for nearest stockist.

★ INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION

(A) Each wheel rides over bumps independently.

★ AIR CUSHIONED

Dunlop TYRES 12" x 1 1/2"
(B) absorbing all small shocks. Non-puncturable and no need to inflate.

★ NON-BAG BRACKETS

(C) adjustable. Aircraft shock cord firmly holds bag without scratching. These three combine to ensure no damage to your favourite clubs from jolting.

★ PERFECT BALANCE

Handle adjustable to correct height of grip (D), low gravity centre and wide three-point suspension (opens to 23"). Weight 11 lbs.

★ RETRACTABLE WHEELS

fold round the bag with a touch of the release buttons (E), handle comes down, and in six seconds is ready to stow away. Nothing to come apart, no screws, bolts etc. Size folded 9" wide x 13 1/2" deep.

★ RUST PROOF

Made of aeroglass dural and aluminium alloy. Sturdy as steel, exceptionally light and cannot rust.

★ BALL BEARING WHEELS

give smooth running with no noise.

★ GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS

with the added assurance of a precision engineered job by the world famous manufacturers of A.C. Cars.

AFTER PLAY

FOLDS AWAY

Bag Boy



M. K. MANUFACTURERS LTD. EXPORTERS • A.C. CARS LTD. THAMES DITTON, SURREY

The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF
LOTUS Veldtschoen



BOOTS - 115/-

SHOES - 105/-

Fifty Hams no bigger than a thumb

A CENTURY ago, a prince was immortalized by a sauce. This was the way in which a celebrated cook of the time displayed his gratitude to the Prince of Soubise for his patronage. The cook was house steward to the prince. His name was Bertrand.

One day, while outlining his plans for a small supper, Bertrand declared his need for fifty hams.

"What is this", said the prince, "Are you going to feast all my regiment?"

"Non, monseigneur", said Bertrand, "Only one ham will grace the table, the rest are required for my sauces and garnitures."

"Bertrand you are robbing me—I cannot allow this."

"Monseigneur", said the artist patiently, "You do not under-

stand our resources. I will, if you choose, put all the fifty hams, which astonish you so much, into a glass vial no bigger than my thumb."

The prince, who had faith in his steward's genius, relented.

Today, Sauce Soubise is far removed from fifty hams, and little remains of that age of abundance. We can still thrill to the subtle tones of oriental jade or the carefree gaiety of a Mardi Gras. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

"PERFECTOS FINOS"
CIGARETTES



ONLY the choicest cloths are used to match the superb craftsmanship of an Invertère . . . the original Reversible Raincoat/Overcoat . . . the best in the world!

Stocked by selected Men's Shops throughout U.K., Canada and U.S.A. . . we will gladly forward the name of your nearest stockist upon request.

Prices:
£19. 12. 0. to £43. 13. 0.

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The Original Reversible Coat

THE INVERTÈRE COAT COMPANY LTD • HUDDERSFIELD



Announced by The Advertising Creative Circle

£1,000 E.R.P. POSTER COMPETITION

*Theme: "Intra-European co-operation
for a better standard of life"*

Artists and designers are invited to compete in producing a poster that will promote intra-European co-operation to build a better standard of life in all those countries in the Marshall Plan. The theme expresses the development of the European Recovery Programme as a mutual undertaking among the nations participating in the Marshall Plan to advance their own prosperity and establish a firm basis for world peace.

The first prize will be £350; second, £250; third, £150. There will be three further prizes of £50 each and ten "Highly Commended" awards of £10 each.

This competition, which is open to all permanent residents of the United Kingdom, is part of a greater competition being organized simultaneously in other Marshall Plan countries, by the administrators of the European Recovery Programme.

The sixteen winning entries from U.K. will automatically compete with winners from those other countries for twenty-five even more substantial European prizes to be awarded in Paris this year.

Obviously, the financial benefit to the final winners will be great—and the reward in prestige immeasurable. An exhibition of the prize-winning posters from all countries is planned to tour Europe and America.

The United Kingdom £1,000 Competition is being organized by The Advertising Creative Circle, on behalf of the administrators of the European Recovery Programme. The Advertising Creative Circle will be responsible for seeing that the judges are unaware of the identity of entrants. Young and unknown artists of ability will thus suffer no handicap.

Send the coupon below for full information, names of judges, details of your brief as a designer and instructions to competitors.

The last day for receiving entries is 4th April, 1950

Please send me full information, competition rules and an entry form for the E.R.P. Poster Competition.

Name (in BLOCK letters, please) _____

Address _____

POST THIS COUPON to The Advertising Creative Circle, E.R.P. Poster Competition, Room 70, Clarendon House, Pall Mall Street, London, S.W.1.

★ NOTE: As this is the only announcement that will appear in this publication, please bring it to the notice of your friends or club or association.

The Quintessence of Quality



Made by Machado of Kingston, Jamaica—with over 70 years experience of cigar making—La Tropical de Luxe will delight you and your guests with that exquisite balance of Mildness and Character, found only in cigars of irreproachable quality.

LA TROPICAL

DE LUXE

Finest Jamaica Cigars

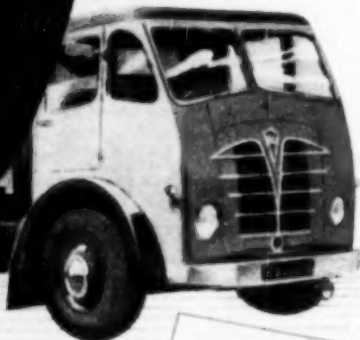
in all the usual sizes from 2/3 · Petitas 1/5

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FOR SUPERB

Performance



Foden
DIESEL



LODENS LTD., SANDRACH CHESHIRE

If you want to pump peas in a hurry
Jam, pickles, paint, latex or slurry
The Ejectopump's there
Worked by compressed air—
It's bound to save plenty of worry.

the **COMPRESSED AIR OPERATED**
Ejectopump

is pumping an astonishing variety of products in a large number of industries. It connects to any air line, pumps to any required level up to 50 ft. head and its action is entirely pneumatic.

Some satisfied users are: Great Brns. (Most Canned) Ltd., Wm. P. Hartley Ltd., Leyland Paint & Varnish Co. Ltd., Lioness of Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co. Ltd., John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd., Norfolk Concrete Ltd., Rolls Royce Ltd.



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A GREAT CAR!

Great beauty, great comfort, traditions of excellence. A royal great safety. A car for the man car; an ambassador abroad for who wants perfection without Britain. See these new Daimlers ostentation. A car that epitomizes a company's in our showrooms and try them on the road.



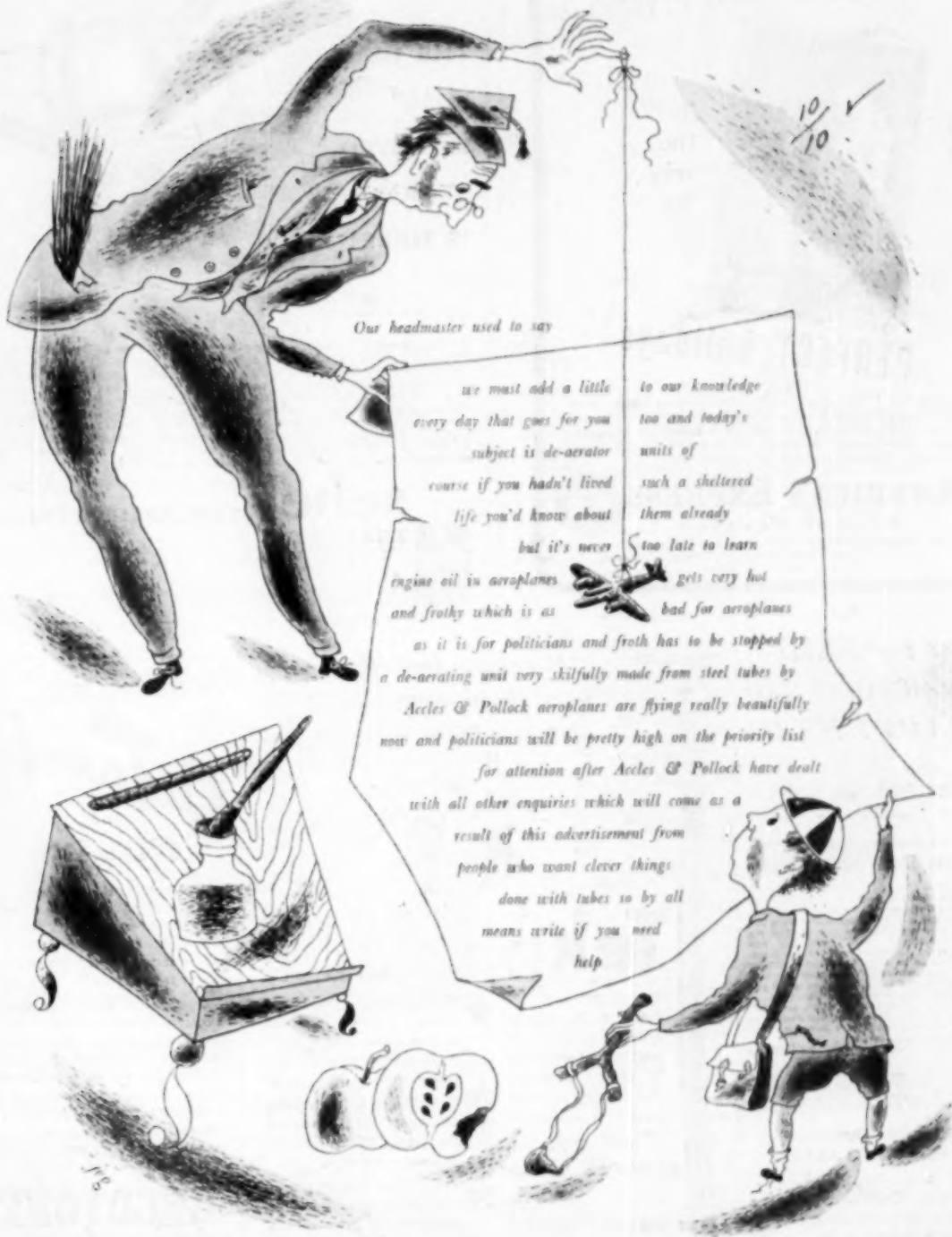
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Motor Car Suppliers to H.M. The King

STRATSTONE

40 Berkeley Street, W.1



DAIMLER SPECIALISTS FOR THIRTY YEARS



80 thrilling pages

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the
way
to

PERFECT holidays!

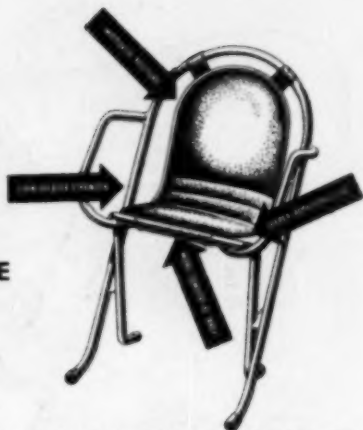
Ready now! The wonderful American Express holiday book. When you receive it—free—you'll find it fun to choose a Continental holiday you know you'll enjoy at a reasonable price. Don't delay! Write now for "Continental Holidays by American Express" to Dept. 9A, 6 Haymarket.

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AND BRISTOL'S KINROSS

THE NEW
"1950"
IMPROVED
STAK-A-BYE
IS HERE!



From now on it's a better Stak-a-Bye and still free of Purchase Tax. The new chairs have an even stronger framework—1" tubing compared with the 3/4" of last year's famous models. For extra comfort, especially at meal times, we've improved the shape of the body-form, seat and back. The seat of this better looking Stak-a-Bye is reinforced, which allows us to make it deeper. Colours? Just as gay and varied as before—any one of 16 different attractive combinations. You can have these Stak-a-Bye chairs all-steel or upholstered, with or without the newly designed streamlined arms. Prices remain the same—as modest as ever. Write for Leaflet N14.

sebel

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Steel Chairs and Tables are among the products of our parent Company, H. Sebel & Co. Ltd., covered by several and pending World patents, registered designs and registered trade marks.

SEBEL PRODUCTS LTD. 20-41 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.
Phone: Temple Bar 0736-7-8-9. Grams: Sebel, Weymouth, London. Cable: Sebel, London.

I "FELT"
SOMETHING HAD
HAPPENED!

★
THE PAIN HAD COME!
★

Take it from me I shall always have
Maclean Brand Stomach Powder

Dear Sirs . . . I suffer from Nervous Dyspepsia . . . After reading your advert, one day and being in such misery, I decided to try Maclean's . . . Imagine my delight when I "felt" something had happened. . . Believe me, I thought it was too good to be true, but after continuing with your wonderful Maclean's Stomach Powder, I am more than pleased to tell you it is true. That dreadful pain has gone . . . I am not afraid of pain any more, not while I have Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to hand, and you can take it from me I shall always have some by me.
Yours gratefully, V.E.L. (Mrs.)

Such letters of praise for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder are convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea and Stomach Pains due to indigestion.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder
Price 1/6, 2/10 and 8/6

Also in Tablets Form

Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets
Price 1/6 & 2/10 and in Handy Pocket Pack 10d.

Only genuine if signed
"ALEX. C. MACLEAN"

"If people looked
after their gums my
job would be easy"



TekBRISTLE

The bristle used in Tek is of the highest possible grade. It is selected and processed by experts to ensure that it loses none of its natural qualities.

BRISTLE 2/6
also Nylon 1/10; Junior 1/3

FIRM WITH TEETH
— KIND TO GUMS

★ Gum disorders are widespread. To keep firm and healthy, gums need regular, gentle stimulation.

★ Drastic brushing is harmful. The specially selected bristle which goes into Tek provides the proper stimulation for delicate gum tissues.

★ Tek bristle is super-resilient. It cleans the teeth thoroughly and gives the gums correct care. Make sure you buy Tek.

Johnson & Johnson (U.S. Patents) Ltd. London & Glasgow

To sufferers from

catarrh
and
COLDS

You know only too well the discomfort and misery of catarrh. The flavourless food. Difficult breathing. Fitful sleep. Do not endure it any longer. Go to your Doctor at once.

Argotone is the accepted treatment. It contains Ephedrine to clear congestion of nose and throat, Silver Vitellin to disinfect inflamed tissues, and normal saline to tone up mucous membranes. For years scientists tried to combine these three ingredients in a stable solution. At long last this has been achieved in Argotone—but only in Argotone. Insist on Argotone.

ARGOTONE
NASAL DROPS

Contain no Oil or Sulphanomides



March

March is a busy month in the home and everyday tasks of spring cleaning often bring reminders of the need for repairs and renewals. In personal business matters, too, regular attention is worth while. Here the Midland Bank can assist you by paying your standing orders for rent, insurance premiums, school fees and similar outgoings and by keeping your valuable papers and documents in safe custody.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

the new idea in beer at home



FLOWERS' SPECIAL BREW FOR YOU BY MAIL ORDER

The new Mail Order Service launched by Flowers of Stratford is proving very popular. Everyone who appreciates a really strong fine quality Ale is writing for delivery. 12 Nip (1-pint) bottles in a handy container delivered to your door—no deposit—nothing to return.

Write to-day
for illustrated
folder giving
full details to—

FLOWER & SONS LTD., Mail Order Department B.3. STRATFORD-ON-AVON

£5,000 ...

... at age 65, or on previous death, may be assured now. The normal annual premium for a man aged 30 next birthday is £125.12.6.

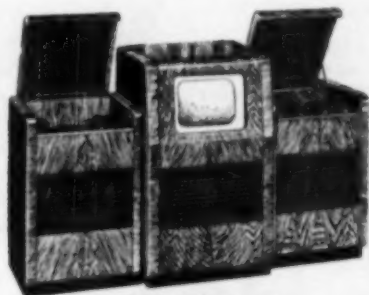
£24.11.8 more secures the right to reversionary bonuses. If they are maintained at current rates, over £3,000 will have been added to the sum assured by age 65.

Further details, or quotations for other amounts, ages, or terms of years, may be obtained without obligation. Please write to



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R.G.D.

Three-in-One for Complete Home Entertainment

Superb in performance, beautiful as furniture, the new R.G.D. Three-in-One covers the entire range of broadcast and recorded entertainment with Radio, Television and Gramophone. These instruments are designed to stand alone or to be grouped in any desired arrangement. As an alternative to the Television Receiver a high fidelity speaker console is available.

Your R.G.D. dealer will gladly demonstrate the Three-in-One at your convenience.

The Aristocrat of Radio and Television

RADIO GRAMOPHONE DEVELOPMENT CO. LTD.,
BRIDGNORTH · SHROPSHIRE

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BEFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
GRAPE FRUIT

To be found again in "foreign parts"—but very scarce at home

Meet
your friends



in
Hatchards
MEETING ROOM

Here is a tranquil oasis for book-lovers—an old-world room on the 1st floor of this famous West End bookshop. You can come and appraise Hatchards' fine selection of new and second-hand volumes here—or merely relax with a book of your own.

Bookellers to Their Majesties The King,
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when convalescence
seems slow, KEYSTONE



will turn
the scales

NOW ONLY
11/6 | 5/9
flagon | half-flagon
6d. extra deposit
(returnable) on both sizes

The good wine that makes every meal a banquet

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3.7

YOUR WISH

Leading industrialists so often say, "I wish I could get a machine for this job."

YOU CAN

Our speciality is AUTOMATIC MACHINERY designed to do the work of skilled operators faster and better.

We produce machines specifically for
YOUR JOB

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(Chartered Mechanical Engineers)
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Nothing but the best!
For all gardeners
Andy
GARDEN GLOVES
£11 per pair (Kings & 11 Trouser-makers and Slacks,
or direct £2 post free (tote tote) each
TEDSON, THORNTON & CO., ROCHDALE

THE OAKWORTH



SEASONED OAK Greenhouse

Max. strength. Will not warp. Max. light. Complete pre-fabricated units. Erected on delivery. Wide range or special. Deferred terms. Delivered free. Send for free brochure.

CANTON LIMITED

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Das Schöne Rheinland calls to you again

Once again you can enjoy a holiday in the famous German summer resorts on the Rhine, in the Black Forest and in Bavaria, amidst delightful and interesting scenery and with the assurance of comfortable Hotels and excellent food at a moderate cost. Inclusive charge from 21 guineas for 14 days covering accommodation, meals and travel from London back to London.

Post coupon to-day for illustrated leaflet "Germany—1950."

ZENTROPA GERMAN TRAVEL AGENCY, 90, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

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For the **CITIZENS** of
the **FUTURE**
WE NEED YOUR HELP NOW

5,000 NOW IN OUR
FAMILY

Increased income is required
to meet rising costs

**A NATIONAL BUT
UN-NATIONALISED WORK**

Gifts gratefully received by the Secretary
CHURCH OF ENGLAND

**CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY**

OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON
LONDON, S.E.11



Meet the Family

THE SNAPSHOTS are brought out, and the school reports and the letters and maybe a cutting from the local paper. Family pride? Well, why not? Most of us are tolerant and can "take it". This story, too, is a family story. Does it matter that the members of this family are not children but companies? We confidently claim a little of your tolerance for our parental pride. For consider:

Associated Electrical Industries — A.E.I. to family friends — is the parent concern of many famous companies including those listed below. Their 30 British factories operate in 20 towns and employ 53,000 people. Yearly output reaches £50m. in money — reaches also the highest standard of quality, in a 100,000 kW. Turbo-Alternator or in a flex for your bedside lamp. Cause for family pride, don't you think? And this family does not live only in the present, nor dwell complacently on the achievements of the past 50 years, but also, as a prudent family should, plans and puts away for the future.

That is why it maintains its great Apprenticeship scheme; that is why it devotes £1,000,000 every year to research.

WHAT does it ADD UP TO?

Output per year	£50,000,000
Exports per year	£15,000,000
Floor space (sq. ft.)	10,000,000
Number of employees	53,000
Apprentices (present)	2,900
Past apprentices	15,800

It all adds up to **A E I**

Associated Electrical Industries

MEET THE FAMILY

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.
Newton-Victor Ltd.
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.





WELCOME VISITOR

The business which brings him to the Bank may not involve a large sum of money. Yet he takes it for granted that his reception will be friendly and his needs, however modest, met with courtesy and efficiency. We like to make all our customers feel welcome—and this may be one of the reasons why so many thousands of people like yourself bank with the Westminster. If you are not one of them, the Manager at any branch will be glad to explain how easy it is to open an account.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED



The Original Cellar

SEPPELTSFELD

THE building shown above is the original cellar constructed by Mr. J. E. Seppelt after he took up land in South Australia, now known as Seppeltsfeld, in 1851 and commenced wine making. Bringing to the new country all the arts and crafts of an ancient industry, in this building Mr. Seppelt had laid the foundation of what was to become the largest family-owned organisation in existence. Seppelts Imperial Reserve Port, Australia's Port Type wine of distinction.

THE HOUSE OF SEPPELT

ONE FAMILY — ONE TRADITION

88 CANNON STREET · LONDON · E.C. 4

By Appointment
MOTOR MOWER
MANUFACTURERS
CHARLES H. PUGH LTD.

ATCO

is more than a machine
—it's a lawn-mowing
SERVICE

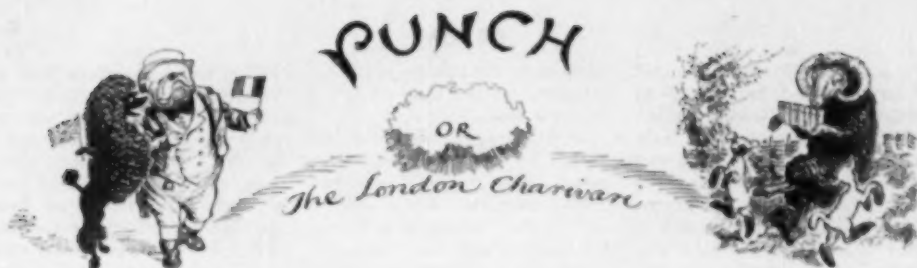
—efficient, willing and backed
by a network of service depots
throughout the country whose
layout and equipment are far in
advance of that of any comparable
maintenance organisation in the
country.

ATCO MOTOR MOWERS · ATCOSCYTHES
ATCO BOATIMPELLERS
ATCO ACCESSORIES · ATCO SERVICE
CHARLES H. PUGH LTD.
Whitworth Works, Birmingham 9

Your tyre dealer is selling the famous **INDIA** **RED RING**

There's never been a tyre like it for mileage, road-grip and soft-riding qualities.





CHARIVARIA

THE general public are again being urged not to desecrate beauty spots. If they will only have patience this will be done for them far more efficiently by the Ministry of Fuel and Power.



"Mr. Page, of Chimney Van Service, now has the courtesy use of telephone No. 2655. Remember, it's absolutely clean and hygienic and electricity is not essential."

Advt. in "Guernsey Evening Press"

Good idea. G.P.O. please copy.

2

Members of an Essex golf club complain that a dog roams about the links picking up golf-balls and running away with them. They can hardly expect it to drop them over its right shoulder.

During a twenty-minute fight in the Italian Parliament blows and kicks were exchanged by members, and ink-pots were hurled across the Chamber. It seems that in the heat of the argument nobody managed to catch the Speaker's eye.

Taking No Risks

"100 STONE POLICE IN SOUTH AFRICAN RIOT."

"News Chronicle"



2

The recent flight from Britain to Cairo in six and a half hours was the result of careful planning, despite reports that the pilot simply rushed off in a Fury.

In her prize-winning entry in a South African competition a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl invests her "dream husband" with the following qualities: "he throws impromptu parties, he often shows affection for his wife by 'a quick kiss or a passionate hug,' he does not bear grudges, he helps bring up the children, he listens to his wife's point of view before taking decisions, and has a joint banking account with his wife."

Yes, yes; but who does the actual washing up?

2

A man recently found a sixpence in his breakfast egg. General opinion is, however, that no change should be contemplated in the present method of paying out the food subsidies.

2

We regret that there is no truth in the suggestion that the forfeited deposits of unsuccessful candidates in the election will be used by the Government to bring the paying out of post-war credits a little nearer.



200646

3

DEFEAT

"IT is awfully decent of you, old boy, to commiserate with me on my defeat at East Reddington, but I can assure you that my main feeling when I found that I had been pipped on the post by that excellent fellow Puffer was one of intense relief. Parliament is a frightful tie these days. And as for the money side of it, the thousand a year goes absolutely nowhere by the time you have paid your expenses. It will be perfectly splendid to be able to buckle quietly down to my own work again instead of standing on platforms spouting and knocking at doors and smiling at people until my teeth practically fall out.

"I've positively no regrets, and, as I said from the balcony of the town hall after the result was announced, it was an absolutely clean fight from start to finish. Of course I could not get a word in at my last ten meetings because of gangs of hooligans who shouted and cat-called, but Puffer said that the interruptions were not organized by his Party and blamed the Communists. He added that he was unable to make himself heard at his last eleven meetings because the hall was packed to the doors by hooligans obviously organized by our Party. Naturally, I answered that I had no

control over the Fascist elements in the town, and there was no ill-feeling on either side.

"My happiest recollection will always be the simply marvellous support I had from my committee. They worked like Trojans, and it is only on their account that I regret the result. I haven't a single complaint against one of them. A lot of people, I know, are inclined to the opinion that Mrs. Cardew-Lolliper's habit of making an opening speech of forty minutes lost us thousands of votes, but that is absolute nonsense, because nobody beyond the front row ever heard a word she said. And there is no truth in the rumour that I had a terrific quarrel with Bunceby over the car he lent me for the campaign. Just because by sheer chance it always happened to break down when I was on my way to an important meeting was no proof that Bunceby was a secret adherent of Puffer.

"Am I annoyed with the electors of East Reddington for choosing Puffer? Far from it. I admire their free and independent spirit. I made it quite clear during my campaign that I regarded the citizens of East Reddington as the most sensible and intelligent lot of people in England. They wanted Puffer and they got

Puffer, and I only hope they will enjoy him now they have got him.

"As I sit quietly in my armchair at home smoking my pipe by the fire I shall think with pity of poor old Puffer sitting in the House of Commons listening to dreary speeches and bobbing up and down trying to catch the Speaker's eye, and I shall smile quietly to myself. I shall picture him sitting up far into the night answering letters from constituents and making a dead loss of twopence-halfpenny on every one of them, and as I ponder these things my gratitude to the citizens of East Reddington for choosing Puffer will grow and grow. I only stood from a pure sense of duty, urged on by my friends, who thought I had a *flair* for political life. But once is enough. . . . I have told Central Office that they can remove me from the list of candidates. They were bitterly upset, but I was adamant.

"What's that? You hear there's a by-election coming off at Lower Frotsham? And I wasn't even told. It just shows you what political life is like. You can sweat and strain and make sacrifices for the Party, spending a small fortune fighting hopeless seats like East Reddington, and then they just throw you aside like an old glove."

D. H. BARBER



SPRING MODELS

BEFORE the cold has ceased to be,

Before the year has lost its sting,
In gay and reckless augury
The hat-shops cry the coming
Spring.

The keen wind whips the streaming
sky,

And wheeling in the spinning sleet
Displaced, indignant seagulls cry
Along the cliffs of Regent Street.

Head-down the pelted shoppers pass
With swirling skirts and wind-whipped hair:

But here behind their walls of glass,
Bright in the still and scentless
air,

In bloom full-blown or bud half-furled

Fantastic flowers defy the rain,
Wrapt in a timeless, flood-lit world
Of satinette and Cellophane.

And I for one need not be told

How slow the year comes to its
prime,
How many weeks of wet and
cold

Lie between this and lilac time:

Yet unrebuked the pulses beat,
The leaping heart defies the
mind:

With hats in bloom in Regent
Street
Can daffodils be far behind?



THE MINIATURE MANDATE

"Lo, I am here again, my master—say,
What task awaits my giant strength to-day?"



"Ladies and gentlemen, please! Save your differences until we are on the air."

THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. TOVARICH'S

A gripping yarn of school life in the Urals

"YARROO! Leggo! Fascist swine!" A fierce struggle was going on behind the football pavilion of St. Tovarich's school, situated on the bracing steppeland overlooking the busy town of Filthsk.

Goltov, a strapping lad of seventeen, wearing the dungarees of an Honoured Praepostor of the Soviet Union, was trying to ward off the attacks of a smaller boy, whose arm he was twisting.

"Pax, you imperialist war-monger!" pleaded Goltov. "Pax, or I shall twist your other arm as well."

He was sitting on the head of his tormentor, an undersized boy named Droschky. Unfortunately Droschky's head was so close to his

dear native soil of Filthsk that he was unable to reply. Suddenly there was a movement behind them. It was Dr. Muscovitch, the School Commissar.

"So, Droschky!" thundered Dr. Muscovitch, "bullying again, eh?"

"No, sir, indeed—" began Droschky.

"How many more times must I tell you, Droschky," broke in the Commissar impatiently, "when you speak to a master of St. Tovarich's you will not say sir! I will not tolerate these despicable bourgeois habits. The correct form of address is 'comrade.' Understand!"

"Yes, sir—I mean comrade."

"Good. Now, why were you bullying the defenceless Goltov?"

"But I wasn't, comrade—"

"How dare you contradict me! Why, I saw you myself. You were deliberately striking Goltov on the fist with your nose."

Droschky hung his head in shame. The tell-tale marks on his nose had given him away.

"I will deal with you in the morning," said Dr. Muscovitch.

"Pray do not be too severe on him," broke in Goltov, "for perhaps he cannot help his bullying. According to the Soviet Praepostors' Year Book his parents were wealthy capitalists before they settled in Siberia."

Dr. Muscovitch rubbed his chin. Goltov's information had put him in a dilemma . . .

The news that Droschky was to be dealt with by the doctor in the morning spread rapidly round the school. One or two boys thought he might be let off with a reprimand and the loss of the privilege of working with the school task force, which was helping to build a new silo in Filthak. The majority, however, thought he would be expelled, for surely there could be no baser crime than for a smaller boy to bully a bigger one.

When Droschky appeared in dorm that night he heard whispers of "Beastly little Tito," but not a boy would speak to him. They had sent him to Mumak.

The next morning the school assembled in the Hall of Civic Culture.

"It has come to my notice," began Dr. Muscovitch, "that one of our comrades has done something unspeakably vile."

All eyes were on Droschky. The doctor's next words however were "Stand up, Goltov!"

"Ah," thought the boys, "now we shall hear the wronged one describe the assaults of the base Droschky, who will then confess. How fine a thing is Soviet justice!"

But the doctor had a surprise for them. "So, sirrah! You will note," he added in parenthesis, "that I use this decadent and feudal word only as a term of the highest opprobrium. You, an Honoured Praepostor of the Soviets, are caught red-handed in the most flagrant misconduct!"

The boys looked at Goltov incredulously. What had he done?

"I must explain," the doctor went on, "that yesterday this boy, who has obviously been infected by the subversive opinions of decadent bourgeois scientists, asked for leniency for our noble comrade Droschky on the grounds that his habits were hereditary, or, in the words of our great national poet Shakespeare, rather

... what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

"The vileness of this suggestion will not escape you who are privileged to know the teachings of

our great scientist Lysenko, and to realize that theories of heredity are base Western propaganda.

"Go, sirrah," said the doctor, turning to Goltov, "for you are utterly contemptible! Your place as an Honoured Praepostor of the Soviet Union will be taken by Droschky."

As the doctor left the Hall the boys crowded round to congratulate Droschky, for they quickly realized their error in having sent him to Mumak. They had learnt their

lesson, a lesson not only in the correct code of schoolboy behaviour but also in that adaptability of mind to changing circumstances that is so essential in the adult world of our great Soviet Republic.

(If you have enjoyed this story, you will be thrilled by "Iron Bolaki's First Term," a corking yarn in which a brave Soviet schoolboy outwits a nest of dirty capitalist spies from the West (Iron Curtain Publications, 5 roubles). You mustn't miss this—it's compulsory.)

BACK-ROOM JOYS

Finding Guide-books Right

WHAT a delight

Finding guide-books right!

"The wine is locally called 'Sekt'."

CORRECT!

"The district is famous for its breed of black steers."

There's one of them—CHEERS!

"... may be seen washing the outside of their houses"

They do! "... wearing baggy trousers"

They ARE! Oh, it's heaven,

Checking the "curious fanlight at number seven."

"The right-hand plaque, damaged in the Napoleonic Wars"

Of course!

It seems to satisfy the human need

Of reassurance, if only that we can read,

Or does it fortify our conviction

About the possibility of prediction!

"The larger cave has a celebrated echo"

Ecco!

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"Don't point, dear. It's rude."

THE SILVER BALL

Hurling in Cornwall

IT looked like a siege. Ten minutes earlier this had been as pleasant a Shrove Tuesday as you could wish. There was a touch of haze over the fields. In front the hilltop church-town of St. Columb Major coiled like a cat in the sun. But now we were in St. Columb itself, and suddenly the air was charged. All round us shopkeepers fenced themselves in, covering their glass with wooden slats, with galvanized iron, with panels of chicken-wire. (Even a traffic sign was hooded.) Undoubtedly a siege. Outside on those Cornish roads a brutal foe, having mopped up Newquay or Wadebridge, advanced through the afternoon upon St. Columb, upon the strong-points, the snipers, the barricades. . . .

"Fine day for the hurling," said

game: a tradition, a ritual that St. Columb never forgets in war, peace or election. Certainly back in 1585, and probably long before that, they were hurling on Shrove Tuesday, tossing the ball through the streets as swaying masses of Town and Country tried to force it to each other's base. Old Cornwall knew all about hurling. Richard Carew surveyed it. "The ball in this play," he observed, "may be compared to an infernal spirit; for whosoever catcheth it fareth straightwayes like a madde man, struggling and fighting with those that goe about to holde him." The players might return home with "bloody pates, bones broken and out of joynt." No matter. "All is good play, and never Attourney nor Crowner troubled for the matter."



someone. "Have an apple." It was Mr. Sidney Bartlett, who could call himself St. Columb's Remembrancer. No man knows more of its history, present and past. In his estate office, off the main stream and unbaricaded, he found for us a photograph, dated 1909, of a hand holding the Silver Ball, the trophy of St. Columb's Shrove-tide hurling. Meanwhile the main street, a narrow winding gully, began to fill. Potential hurlers rolled their sleeves. The last windows were blocked.

So that was it. No siege but a game—and something more than a

Now if you want to see the good play you must go to St. Columb Major on either Shrove Tuesday or the following Saturday week. Of those games the second—a later innovation—is the more popular, and the first more revered. It was on a Shrove Tuesday that the ball used to be thrown from a church window. To-day it is both Called Up and Thrown Up—we hurlers know the difference—from a step-ladder in the square.

"They'll be Calling Up," warned Mr. Bartlett, pouring the sherry . . . Five minutes later, in a

hospitable upper window, we looked (as from a stage-box) upon the irregular wedge of the market square. Behind loomed the church of St. Columb, nobly towered, in its green acre. Women and young boys formed a frieze by the churchyard wall. A lean, black-haired man in plimsolls rammed a beret on his head and joined the hurlers, a large and growing bunch, who were flexing their muscles as they waited for something.

Something came. A step-ladder was carried into the square, and a young man mounted it. With a word or so, inaudible behind our window-glass, he held up a silver ball, battered with use. It was a successor of that in the photograph (there have been very many down the years), slightly smaller than a cricket-ball, made of apple-wood covered thinly with silver, and lettered with the rhyme:

*Town and Country do your best
For in this parish I must rest.*

We waited for the hurling to begin, for the fury of the Madde Men and for the first bones out of joynt. All at first was mild. The young man who had Called Up the ball and invited three cheers for it—he proved to be last year's holder for the Country—descended his ladder and let the ball pass from hand to hand. Children fingered it; their elders balanced it gravely. It is lucky to touch the ball: all want to share the luck.

Calling Up was a prelude. We had to wait fifteen minutes before the ball was Thrown Up and Towns-men and Countrymen (all of St. Columb parish) would seek to rush it towards the goals. Each is a stone trough a mile distant from the square. They are seldom reached; usually a game has to be decided—after, say, a couple of hours—when the ball has crossed a parish



boundary. (To-day, we were to find, would be exceptional.)

Below us the crowd stiffened to attention as St. Columb's Town Crier, in mufti, announced the hurling in a voice like a thunder-burst. While the echoes still boomed away over the distant Atlantic a former St. Columb man climbed the ladder, repeated the rhyme, and on the nick of four-thirty tossed the ball approximately sou'westwards with a nice, easy over-arm swing. There was a deep baying. Players who had been bunched in the square turned to a wolf-pack and fared straightways like madde men. The ball appeared to spin back, and then up the street. None knew how many there were for the Town, or how many for the Country. No one bothered.

For a while play flickered about with a sequence of high tosses. (Experts frown; short passing is the thing.)

Presently the game disappeared from sight at a rate of knots. Since the goals were a mile apart we needed a helicopter. All we could do was to trail up the street, now getting news from camp-followers, now shrugging into a door as the game swayed by.

Twenty minutes sped. Then, as I stood with Mr. Bartlett at a corner, the pack pounced close to us and the ball flicked to a watcher's feet. Gravely he handed it to Mr. Bartlett. As gravely,

Mr. Bartlett handed it to me. Like forwards at a line-out the pack stood poised. The Silver Ball was heavy, about fourteen ounces in weight. Gallantly, obeying the unwritten rule for non-parishioners, I heaved it up, and for a moment the hurlers wrestled and locked themselves beside us in a skirmish of old clothes, corduroys, dusty berets, plimsolls, thick boots. Again a long throw carried the ball off, and the game and the noise trickled somewhere towards Newquay. Watchers had begun to tire. Some parleyed with shopkeepers to let them by the defences.

"Come to tea," said Mr. Bartlett. We did. "Take a pasty," said Mr. Bartlett. We did. Light thickened; crows made wing to rooky woods; the noise of the hurling rose, fell, faded. The game was won; out in the wild, hurlers were returning—"as from a pitched bataille . . . with

such bruises as serve to shorten their daies." Never mind! "Take a sausage-roll," said Mr. Bartlett.

We came into a dark street. St. Columb's defences were down. A few lights glimmered. One hurler, weary from bataille, as from Poitiers or Crécy, called after us "Country ball" (it usually is), and we drove quietly from the battlefield past the election posters of the day's other hurling match. Behind, at eight o'clock, "Country Ball" would be cheered in the market place, with an extra cheer for young Dennis Ellery, who had scored that St. Columb collector's piece, a true goal—straight into the trough. Once more neither Attourney nor Crouner had been troubled . . . though, of course, there is always Saturday week, and after that the Shrovetide of 1951 when we have a date for tea with Mr. Bartlett.

J. C. TREWIN



AT THE PICTURES

Madeleine—The Angel with the Trumpet

THE striking point about the story of *Madeleine* Smith is of course the best-known point: the fact that when she was charged with murder in 1857 the Scottish jury was able to give her the benefit of the doubt with a verdict of "Not proven." The film *Madeleine* (Director: DAVID LEAN) naturally relies for its climax upon this point, and it is well enough done for our knowledge of the end not to matter. The important trial scene is excellently handled, the speeches of counsel being interrupted by a sensible and stimulating use of brief flashbacks to the evidence of certain witnesses who are not otherwise shown; and the speeches themselves are delivered admirably by BARRY JONES and ANDRÉ MORELL. The film does not take sides: we understand *Madeleine*'s motive for wishing to get rid of her importunate lover, we see her buying arsenic and mixing it, but the eye of the camera scrupulously refrains from prying further into the question of whether she put it into the cocoa, and the fade-out, after the verdict, is on the Mona Lisa smile with which she answers a question by the off-screen commentator. All the same, in the story presented to us before the trial, there is a certain amount of implied suspicion in the use of one or

two near-clichés of the murder film—notably that one from the Hitchcock outfit that involves an ominous stare by the camera at a cup or glass containing a drink. They can't fool us after all these years—when a cup of cocoa practically fills the screen, some body's put poison in it. The picture is not brilliant or outstanding, but it's a sound competently-made piece of work with many interesting moments (the child singing "Who Killed Cock Robin?" while the mixture is being prepared) and good small-part acting. Pictorially it is pleasant without being exceptional. There is rather too much music at first, but plain silence and sound (the rustling and wooden sounds of a court) are very effectively employed in the climactic scene.

The Angel with the Trumpet (Director: ANTHONY BUSHELL) is justly advertised as the first starring film of "a great dramatic actress," EILEEN HERLIE; she is its point and excuse, and in fact without her it

would be pretty dull. She is not given very much obviously dramatic acting to do; happily it is no longer the fashion for film-makers, confronted with a player of acknowledged reputation, to provide him or her with a part that calls for at least one scene of hysterical gibbering. (I never did understand that popular belief that the

[*Madeleine*]

Match Drawn

Prosecution—BARRY JONES; *Madeleine* Smith—ANN TODD
Defence—ANDRÉ MORELL

scream demands a greater actor than the whisper.) The story is one of those family sagas, the family being Austrian piano-manufacturers; Miss HERLIE is called on to grow old gracefully between 1888, when the unhappy lady loves Prince Rudolph, and the coming of the Nazis, when she takes her life as they are about to arrest her. Throughout, it is a pleasure to watch her and listen to the exquisite modulations of her voice, while everything we had expected happens to the family, and most of the other people in the picture do the things customary in this sort of chronicle. Apart from Miss HERLIE's presence the main interest of the piece is visual: in decorative, rather dressed-up and frilly but entertainingly composed glimpses of old Vienna. An occasional snatch of commentary keeps the tension well down with such observations as "And destiny dealt out to each his special doom."

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Most of the London shows are changing; but remember *Bicycle Thieves* (11/1/50), and if *Adam's Rib* is still about you will find it excellent entertainment.

Releases include *Task Force* (18/1/50), a good war film with wonderful authentic battle pictures; and *Woman In Hiding* (25/1/50), a pursuit melodrama freshened with first-rate imaginative detail.

RICHARD MALLETT

[*The Angel with the Trumpet*]

Match Abandoned

Henrietta Stein—EILEEN HERLIE
Francis Alb—BASIL SYDNEY

LETTER FROM LUCY

DEAR MRS. VENNER,—Thanks for p.c. and scarf. It was not the scarf I meant in actual fact, the one I meant in actual fact was the cyclamen with people on skis on, ski-ing. The p.c. I got at the Hipp., Bukeley. The scarf went to the Th. Royal, Amperton, while we were at the Town Hall, Farleigh, and they sent it on to the Pav., Molehouse, thinking I was with the Dick Whitt. They had had the week previous. I got it this a.m., covered in addresses, and Buttons wants to give me a large tin of butterscotch for it. What do you think? It goes with his camel-coat (he is ever such a dear), but after all, it would always do for over my head after a hair-do. At all events, Mrs. V., do dig out the cyclamen one with skiers on. I feel lost without it.

Panto is all a New World to me, as you can well imagine, after my previous exp. in straight stuff. Straight stuff is more refined, without doubt, and you don't have to sing. And to hear some of them trying to put their lines over you'd think they'd never seen an audience before. I only have the one line ("But look, here comes the Prince!") but I give it all I've got, to show them up. Panto is full of lines like that, and takes some getting used to, after playing in Noel Coward and that. (I told the Prod. I'd done the French maid in *Private Lives* over a bottle of champagne-cider one morning—he is quite generous when you get to know him—and he was ever so impressed. In actual fact he said it was a privilege to have such an experienced artiste, and he was sure I would bolster the morals of the rest of the chorus, who had only been dancers and that for years. He said he might write in a scene where I could be a French maid dressing Cinders, and do a bit of French. He hasn't mentioned it since, as we never seem to meet, but be a dear and send those black fish-net stockings out of the next to top drawer (left) in my dressing table, under the large Jewel Box.)

I enclose programme. Excuse stain of stout on same, as things are cramped in this dressing-room, and



"At least we don't look like a couple of tourists."

the woman next to me keeps putting things down without thought for others. Her elbow is forever in my powder-bowl, and she has already upset a bottle of nail-varnish remover into my shoe. A blessing it was a toeless, so it all ran out, but the smell of pear-drops is no joke, and will not go. On programme I am among Citizens, Etc., as you see. In actual fact I should be down with Prof. Meek as well, as I pick up his dumb-bells, but there was a printer's error, and Gloria P. got put down as his asst. instead, and was livid. (She is really the principal danseuse. She gets a number of splinters in her feet, but serve her right for showing off.)

Please open all letters that look like Jobs, and wire if any offers. Next week Op. Hae, Buttering, week after Grand, Gaunt-on-Sea. Panto's all right for a fill-in, but I have to think of my future.

The Chinese Policemen know you, as they stayed with you in 1938, when they had a tumbling act, and used to make the ceiling flake off in your room underneath, rehearsing. They are Joe and Eddie de la Roc, and come from Bootle, and wish to be kindly remembered.

Joe said did Mrs. V. ever get a top set, and I said of course she did. They are very Personal in this side of the business, not a bit like rep, where everyone is more elite. But they are good-hearted under it all, so Eddie says. But I don't think I will ever get on with the dame, he is too bumptious. When I am saying my Lines he sometimes lets his skirt fall off to draw attention from me. I don't know why he's got his knife in me, I'm sure, unless he knows I can see through him. I'm up to all his little tricks. I haven't been in rep for nothing.

Must close now as gas-fire has gone out and cannot find a shilling.

Yours affec.,

LUCY.

P.S.—Have had row with Prin. Boy re getting laughs. Told girl in wings Prin. Boy couldn't time an egg, and girl turned out to be her daughter. She told Prin. Boy, who can't take a joke.

Vicious Circle

"DEAR MRS. P.—, Your child Caroline is due to be immunised against vaccination."

Headmaster's letter to parent

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

Extracts from the President's Annual Address to the Amalgamated Union of Studio Audiences. Owing to pressure on space the loud applause and shrill whistles with which his remarks were punctuated have been omitted.

WE can all congratulate ourselves on yet another successful year, and I thank all our members who have so wholeheartedly lived up to our motto "Broadcasting for the Studio Audience and by the Studio Audience." From our small beginnings in the early days of the B.B.C., when our pioneers gained their first foothold at the invitation of the early radio comedians, we have gone from strength to strength, and now few programmes are barred to us.

Most sturdy in their upholding of our traditions are the members of our Variety Section. Their loud applause for the old and familiar jokes has done much to ensure that mental fatigue shall not be the listeners' lot. Our Committee of Censors has not been inactive, and six further jokes have been transferred from the "Moderate Laughter" to the "Applause" lists, a plebiscite having shown that they are now understood by the necessary sixty per cent of our members. We shall continue to press for the inclusion of Jugglers, Conjurers and other visual acts in "Music Hall." Our Statistical Department has calculated that four hundred and twenty hours of broadcasting were occupied by the demonstrations of our members during 1949, and it is hoped that this figure will be surpassed during 1950.

Our "Twenty Questions"

audiences have continued to perform well under difficult conditions. It will be recalled that our attitude was defined at a previous conference as "See that the team wins," and the necessary technique has now been fully developed. The loudness of the laughter with which familiar objects are greeted has been an invaluable help, and our judicious applause has guided the contestants to their goal on numerous occasions. It is regretted that an occasional object is beyond the comprehension of our members, and it is felt that the stony silence with which these lapses are greeted should be continued until a more satisfactory technique can be devised.

We can have nothing but praise for our provincial members, particularly "Have a Go" audiences, who, despite the handicap of inexperience, have put up many good performances. It has been found by our Research Division that the intensity of the applause with which "Have a Go" competitors are greeted can be accurately expressed by the formula $L = 984 A \times N \sqrt{P}$ where L is the

intensity in decibels, A the age of the contestant, N the number of children of the contestant, and P the population of the town or village taking part.

Many injustices, however, remain to be rectified. In particular

we deprecate the behaviour of those outside our organization who pay to attend Promenade concerts, and whose applause is confined to the conclusion of a complete work. We shall continue to press for these concerts to be available to our members on the same conditions as other broadcasts. For our part we can then guarantee a rousing ovation to the orchestra or soloist not only at the conclusion of a symphony or concerto but between movements and even at suitable points during the movement itself—at the conclusion of the cadenza, for example. With this in mind, our music committee has been actively engaged in drawing up a list of works suited to the tastes of our members. Two concertos have been selected, both of which have been featured in well-known films, and it is hoped that a third work may eventually be added.

It must be confessed that with the Talks Department all our efforts have so far been unsuccessful. The reading of the news, for example, would, in our opinion, be greatly improved by the presence of a small number of our members, particularly when the results of elections or football matches are being read. We should, however, not be prepared to supply audiences for Third Programme talks unless a suitable running buffet were first installed. Armchairs would also be required, and we should demand an undertaking that the phrase from the Light Programme, "Wake up at the back there, will you!" should not be used on the Third.

Finally, a word regarding Quiz Programmes in which cash prizes are awarded. The elimination of the gong for unsuccessful contestants has at last been achieved, so that our members can now take part, confident that the money will be theirs, however abysmal their ignorance. The necessity for the audience to prompt the competitor has thus been removed.

And now it only remains for me to wish all our members good listening during 1950.





"We hesitated a long time before installing a lift, but fortunately it's Period . . ."



"So, finally, there I was—in the middle of the desert—alone."

MODISHNESS

THIS Belle-Lettre is a survey of Modishness. Carrying canes, quizzing coloraturas through spyglasses, shooting pistols towards scurrilous editors and not calling writing paper "notepaper" are but a tithe of the ways in which the Man of Mode hives himself off from the Odious Vulgar.

Of course, setting out to be modish has its pitfalls, outstanding among which is a tendency for modes to become outmoded and hence contra-indicative of modishness. (You may object that anything so flush with the surrounding country as a pitfall could hardly be outstanding at all, but then are you quite certain you know what a pitfall is?) For example, duelling, once very, very fashionable, is now done mainly

between counsel and witnesses and is more like the Roman contests between Retiarius and Early Christian than it is like the dawn meetings of periwigged takers of snuff and umbrage. The odds are on counsel, who have passed an examination in the rules, rather than on witnesses, who rely too much on simple honesty of demeanour and a belief that truth will somehow out.

It is always as well to have two examples of any general principle, so I shall illustrate the changeableness of mode also by a consideration of corduroy. Once, presumably, it was the wear of kings, the ending "roy" being sufficiently like the word "roi" to make a philologist put away his Grimm's Law and work by rule of thumb. What king actually wore corduroy I

do not know. Perhaps Attila, who would have found it useful on a horse, or Richard III, who would have found it useful if he had managed to get a horse. Later came a period when the material was worn mainly by the Industrious Artisan, and tied round the knee with string. Then the Creative Minded took to it as not needing to be pressed and giving a flavour of sympathy for the Underprivileged. Another stage loomed up when those who were not exactly Creative but wanted to be Bohemian when off duty took it up, and the Creative Minded moved on to pinstripes, expensive hats and directorships. Lastly, the late war, which brought many social changes, like reading poetry for pleasure and using sausage-meat for returning hospitality, popularized corduroy for warmth and hard wear, and considerations of modishness declined into abeyance.

There being no need to give further proof of scholarship, I can sail on with a clearish conscience to generalize about women. That this sex is particularly modish is proved by the restriction of the word "dowdy" to them, a sign that their general level of turn-out is high. Some think the fevered pursuit of fashion by women is due to their being got at by mercenary-minded men in Paris; others, that it shows the light-wittedness, the helicopterous hoverings of feminine taste. Personally, and also in my capacity as a licensed wife-keeper, I put it all down to the Law of Supply and Demand. If you feel that by demanding hard enough you can induce supply the temptation to use this power is strong. Women, frustrated in their desire to exercise sovereignty at home, compensate by exercising sovereignty in the world of mode. The Wife of Bath is an example of one who grasped this fundamental female drive for power.

Modishness is very important in choosing words. One who refers to tea as "char" would not be offered a second cup in really strict circles. To call Miss Mac West "sonsy," Mr. Graham Greene "Pickwickian" or Sir Stafford Cripps "cherubic" would be to place oneself on the wrong side of the pale, even though such epithets would have been welcomed as well-chosen and laudatory in the past. Can we doubt that lack of modishness was in the mind of the examiner who bade School Certificate candidates "smooth away the stylistic rugosities of the following: Bert done athink wot 'e didn't ought ter of."

The essence of modish conversation is that it should have triviality of content and highly wrought perfection of form. It should be as frothy in shape and as crisp in substance as a meringue. Indescribably unmodish would be such a remark as "There is, however, a limit which forbearance ceases to be a virtue at." It is not without significance in this connection that Burke was known as the "Dinner-bell of the House of Commons."

Another aspect of what I may loosely call the subject of this Belle-Lettre is Feeding Times. It is really shocking to learn the unfashionable times at which our brutish ancestors fed. It is also rather difficult to learn, owing to confusion about the names

of meals. Roughly speaking, our ancestors worked before breakfast, which they took in the middle of the morning and called dinner. Luncheon was eaten only at picnics. The evening meal began at four and went on, with intervals for gambling during which sandwiches were eaten, until dawn, by which time those in a condition to speak referred to it as supper. All the courses were served at once, and on high, solemn occasions the company was entertained by reading aloud from Caxton's *Game and Play of the Chess* and by mutes. Morning coffee, now devoted to gossip or obtaining help with crosswords, was used for such serious activities as insuring ships, dishing the Whigs and laying down the principles of prosody.

Let us finish on a literary note. Dryden wrote a play called "Marriage à la Mode," a version of Julius Caesar purged of its errors of taste. Austin Dobson wrote a triolet which he says began "A la mode," but really begins "I intended an Ode." Tennyson's "Maud" is never pronounced "Mode" except by foreigners, and then only by those congenitally unable to master phonetics.

R. G. G. PRICE

Warning Overdue

"The public are reminded by the Railways Department that under the Licensing Amendment Act, 1948, it is an offence punishable by a heavy fine for any person to and person with liquor for consumption in a railway drink intoxicating liquor in a railway train; to supply train, or to carry intoxicating liquor for consumption in a railway train."—*New Zealand paper*



TOPICUS

A RUMINATION ON SHORTHAND

SEARCHING through an old trunk, in which we keep books that we like to read but do not care to display on open shelves (such as the *Greyfriars Holiday Annuals* and the tales of Angela Brazil), I found the copy of a *Rapid Shorthand Manual* that I had bought years and years ago, when, having assured my first editor that my shorthand was fluent, it seemed only right that I should learn it with as little delay as possible.

I did not wholly succeed. I stumbled as far as the halving principle—an ingenious and complex device which I have forgotten—and there I stayed. Examining the book fifteen years later I can understand why I found the subject difficult: there is in the exercises little to stir the student's imagination. They are soundly compiled, and doubtless invaluable to those who wished to become secretaries, but of stupefying monotony to students like myself, who wished to take down the spoken words of mayors, councillors, magistrates, Rotarians, bowling club presidents and petty politicians.

I imagine that every shorthand student, working his way through

the formation of vowels and consonants, yearns impatiently for the day when he leaves behind the exercises which are only words ("Write in shorthand—Tales, bails, gales, whales, gaols") and reaches genuine, coherent sentences. And, to do it justice, the manual does not at first let him down. In the sentences which close the first chapter one encounters a good deal of consciousness of what Mr. Churchill calls "the press and sway of human events." "Take a case of cheese to Paul Lees." "Show May Tooth the boots." "James Keith may go to the beach to-day." It is impossible to read of such matters, revealing as they do the happy diversity of mankind's activity, without a quickening of interest.

Unfortunately the vitality of the exercises is not maintained, despite the enlargement of the student's knowledge to include every nuance and nicety in the English tongue. They proceed to dull exchanges of letters, mostly between disgruntled ironmongers (with names like Mould and Toke) and peevish woollen merchants (called Pawson and Nates or Jobson and Boles). "Sirs," they write to one another, "I have seen Thomas Boon, and I am sorry to say he declines the stuffs and the boiler-rakes as they are worthless. He says you should have admitted the fault and discharged the obligation. Yours faithfully, Mones and Hudguard."

There is little here to stir the mind, save in the names themselves; these unquestionably have something: a sonorous clang which summons images of chimneys belching smoke, of bales of cloth swinging over loading hatches in misty Midland ports, of men in bowler hats, all talking like Mr. Priestley, weighing profit and loss; it comes as a faint surprise to find no correspondence from the Crowthers of Bankdam.

But even an embryo shorthand-typist would be chilled by this relentless insistence on commerce; to one who aims himself at journalism it is also depressingly irrelevant. Councillors and Rotarians do not prate ceaselessly of boots and wool;

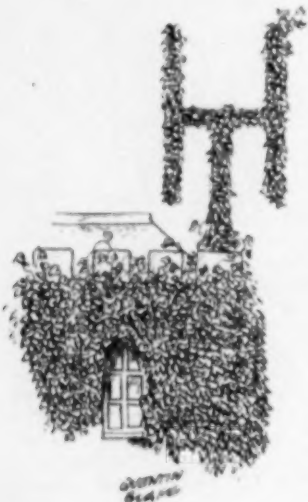
if they mention them at all it is only when they suspect that the first is on the other leg or that the second is being pulled over their eyes.

The authors of shorthand manuals may retort that since their system teaches a form of sound-writing, and that the sounds made by ironmongers resemble almost exactly those of Rotarians, the charge of irrelevance is baseless; and so, I suppose, it is. But the charge of dullness is heavily substantiated, for since all sounds are common to all why should instructors dwell upon commerce when they have at their disposal the whole range of human intellect?

They could instruct the student not only in shorthand but in general knowledge, inviting him to transcribe such information as: "Billelicay, the market town of Essex, stands on high ground five miles to the north-east of Brentwood. The church tower is considered one of the finest examples of brick architecture extant." "Semiramis was a mythical Assyrian queen, daughter of a Syrian youth and the Syrian fish-goddess, Derceto. She ruled forty-two years and founded Babylon." "Betty Grable, the Hollywood actress, has a speaker and microphone in her bedroom so that she can talk to her horses when they become restless during the night."

Or, if letters must be used, let them be such letters as may awaken or increase the student's sense of style, rather than debase it by jargon. The student who shrinks from the platitudes of Pawson and Nates or Jobson and Boles might well delight to linger over the gentle charm of the love-letters of Mary Hays. It is, I think, incontestable that "The watchman is now going past one—your eyes are perhaps closed in slumber—sleep on, and may the angel of peace watch over you" is a sentence more rewarding than:

"Sirs,—Please send a competitive quotation for one gross each of brick facings and scantling moulds. Yours truly, Rackson and Doom."



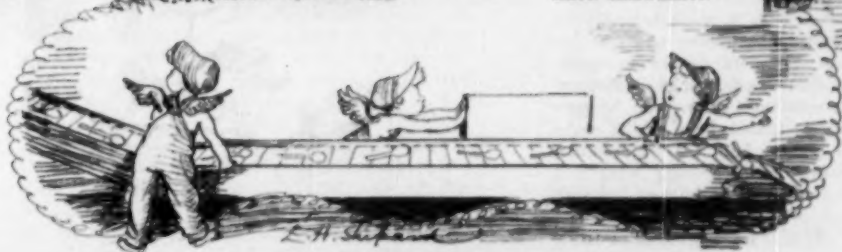


SPOON-CARVER

HE sat by hazel hedges
hung thick with silver nut
where little streams' cool edges
ran in greened rock-rut;
old, with eyes remembering
the sail-set days,
the eastward oceans' embering,
the westward's misted bays;
and carved for country wooers
the spoons, wood-smooth,
that, passed from man to maiden,
make pledge of truth:
yet had he word of wisdom, wry
and deep and old
as root of oak, and weighty
as a true tale told:

"The love unseen is fairer
than the love that's known;
the flower in bud is rarer
than the flower that's blown;
the shore beyond the sea-fall's
silver line
is richer than the land-fall's
broken brine.
Set no footing further
than the edge of dream;
beyond that bourne the golden isles
no longer gleam.
Let your love be fancy,
desire or ghost:
the love that leaves that limiting
is love that's lost."

ALUN LLEWELLYN





DOZENS of excellent reasons can be advanced—and the Hatters' Information Centre advances most of them—in support of a more widespread observance of the hat and the abolition of hatlessness among men. It is said, for example, that hatlessness menaces chivalry, causes cold feet, imperils age-old standards of sartorial elegance and propriety and induces all manner of fearful, nerve-shattering complexes as men pluck hopelessly and foolishly at their forelocks. After making a careful study of the Centre's literature and examining the hat in course of construction it is with considerable relief that I admit to the possession of a hat: knowing what I do I should not care to belong to the wretched group of six million British males who constitute the hatless brigade.

Mind you, I only *just* make the grade. My headgear consists of the following items—one grey snap-brim felt hat that has lost its snap, a cloth cap which I bought many



years ago after reading a life of Keir Hardie, three faded cricket caps, a woollen Balaclava helmet knitted by an aunt immediately after Dunkirk and a dusty mortarboard used for amateur theatricals—and this list falls far short of the minimum requirements defined by the Hatters' Information Centre. To be adequately hatted, I am told, I ought to possess hats for "sportswear, business and evening wear"; I ought to wear a different hat with each of my suits.

Well, I must get another trilby

then, and I may as well make it the very latest hush-hush "Clipover," officially described as "a modification of an American hat, with a high conical crown buttoning over on to the side . . . a hat with tremendous possibilities." The "Clipover" is obviously a far cry from the trilby inspired by George du Maurier's novel, but I

don't think the cat will mind: she has been sleeping on my old grey snap-brim for years, nuzzling into the rabbit fur and dreaming of thrilling forays into the coppice down the lane. It is time the cat sat on a new hat.

However tremendous the possibilities of the Clipover it is not, to my way of thinking, a really *new* hat—not new, that is, in the way the bowler, the trilby or the opera hat were new. This button-over affair stems directly from the snap-brim soft felt which was itself the result of crossing a Homburg with a Tyrolean.

The bowler was a landmark in hatting, a revolutionary. Whether we call it the Coke hat, the billycock, the billycock, the Derby, the bowler or the boiler-end, whether we regard it as a masterpiece or a monstrosity, there can be no doubt whatever about its romantic origin. This was a hat conceived and blue-printed by a layman, William Coke of Norfolk. A little more than a hundred years ago Coke took his blueprints along to a London hatter, James Lock, who instructed one of his assistants to fashion a prototype. Somehow the hat caught on and, what is

more, stayed on; and the assistant, William Bowler, became famous.

It is reasonable, I think, to claim that the bowler was the first attempt to apply the principles of streamlining. Coke may have been misguided aesthetically, but his bold move to reduce the wind resistance of the hunting topper must be considered entirely praiseworthy, especially when we recall that the bowler made its bow in the year of the Great Exhibition. The first recorded purchase of the hat by the general public is in the name of the Hon. Beilby Lawley in 1851. The transaction set him back twelve shillings.

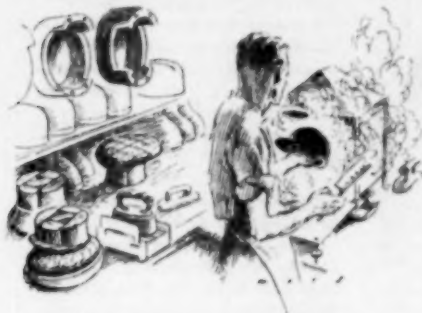


I have seen the bowler hat made by master craftsmen. Rabbit fur—some imported (from Australia, of course), some collected at home by our rag-and-bone merchants—is graded and blended with the skill—and care of the tea-tasters of Mining Lane; then it is blown about and sucked against a tall perforated copper cone where it settles to form a loose felt. After it has been sprayed with boiling water the hood is stripped from the cone and hardened by friction. At this stage it is the size of a smallish bell-tent



and looks nothing whatever like a bowler. (I might add that the blowing process was once performed by means of the Hatters' Bow: when this instrument was twanged with a bow-pin or plectrum it vibrated and whirled loose fur against the tacky frame of a Beaver hat. Got it?).

A number of unpleasant things happen to the hood hereabouts: it is beaten up, dipped in acid and pushed around until it shrinks from sheer exhaustion. Then it is dyed, stiffened with shellac and stretched over a mould. The rest of the complicated process is pretty much as you would imagine: the thing is sandpapered, the brim is whacked



into shape between a wooden "flange" and a heated sandbag, the ribbon and lining are sewn on and a tiny square of paper printed with the size of the hat is gummed behind the leather band.

If you are an average Englishman this square of paper will read "6½," which means, very roughly, that your head is 22½ inches in circumference. If you are an average Welshman your hat size will be "7." I regret to say that I have no data on the Scots and the Irish. Average or not, you may never find a bowler to fit you. Even hatters admit this possibility. They divide up male heads into five types in accordance with the principles of craniometry and, perhaps, of phrenology, and they make hats to fit each type. So, to misquote Browning, there are:

Great hats, small hats, lean hats,
brawny hats,
Brown hats, black hats, grey
hats, tawny hats,



Grave old plodders, gay young
friskers. . . .

But, alas, there are no bowlers to fit heads known in the trade as the "Awkward Oval," the "Long Oval" and the "German Oval," which explains my rigid adherence to the grey snap-brim felt. This does not mean that "awkward ovals" never wear bowler hats: many do, relying on wads of newspaper or cantilevered ears to mask the misfit. Some of the best and most expensive bowlers are bought by the riveters of Clydeside: not all of them fit perfectly, but they make wonderfully efficient helmets.

At an ancient factory in Bermondsey I simmered appreciatively before the incredible skill of men making police helmets (they are built up from laminated segments of cork glued together with liquid rubber), sun helmets, hunting caps, embroidered cocked hats for the doorkeepers of the Bank of England, three-cornered hats for Chelsea Pensioners and Tudor hats for Beefeaters. And I learned that Britain has quite a flourishing export trade in hats, especially in bowlers, topers, hunting-caps and fezzes—red fezzes for Turkey, white for Egypt, black for Arabia and green for India. Most of Britain's five million and more hats a year are made in the Manchester-Stockport region, many of them from wool, the rest from rabbit fur. Five million: by my reckoning that means one hat per male every three years if we exclude the hatless brigade. So the market can hardly be described as saturated.

The chief obstacle to any considerable extension of the market for hats is the fact that men refuse to take them seriously. In spite of its obvious utility the hat is

never entirely free from a suggestion of low comedy. The human form is so designed that clothing draped or suspended from the shoulders looks "natural," part and parcel of the finished product. But the head is really a most awkward shape to fit with a serviceable lid; the slopes are uneven in gradient and texture, and the eyes and ears are set too high. Looking at the thing as an engineer I should say that the hat is basically unsound and unstable because its thread is too short, because its purchase on the cranium is never sufficient to achieve both physical and



optical security. So with all hats—men's hats certainly—there is a question of balance, and balance is an essential element of both dignity and comedy. Thus, as I see it, to wear a topper successfully a man must be able, by his bearing, to deny the existence of sudden gusts of wind, snowballs, low branches and all other hazards. And the wearing of other types of headdress can be similarly exacting.

As I said earlier, I am strongly in favour of the hat, if for no other reason than that one looks conspicuous without it. There is, however, a vast field for improvement in design. It might be worth the hatters' while to study the headgear of the two principals depicted on the cover of this paper.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





"Bert 'ere started it this time . . ."

WHAT AM I OFFERED?

"GRASS to spare, maybe," said Eustace Platfoot suddenly.

"I'm sorry, old boy," said Burwash apologetically. "I must be getting a bit deaf. I didn't quite catch what you said there."

"Grass to spare, maybe," repeated Eustace with ill-concealed impatience.

Burwash got up from his desk, walked to and fro across the office a few times and stared gloomily out of the window. "You know," he said over his shoulder, "I shall have to think about getting one of those microphone things. I just can't make out what people say to me."

"Nineteen down. Seven letters. Starts with an 'E'," interjected Hemingway without looking up from what he calls his work. "Times crossword," he added.

"Starts with an 'E'!" said Eustace eagerly. "Let me see—the last letter's 'O'—"

"Esparto," said Whelkstone, lighting a cigarette with studied nonchalance.

"I was just going to say that," replied Eustace crossly. "I do wish you fellows wouldn't go shoving your oar in."

Since Burwash, who is to some extent in charge of our office, had an

ugly look in his eye and was beginning to tap with his foot on the floor, I seized the chance of creating a distraction by opening the cablegram which an office-boy had been dumbly proffering for some minutes. "It's in code," I said. "From Van Ommerens in Amsterdam. Too mean to write it out in plain language, I suppose. Where's the code-book?"

"It's not that," said Burwash, calming down; "they just know their English is a bit shaky, so they use the international codes. Jolly sensible of them, actually. Is it the Hombard you want?"

"No, the Riebacker," said Whelkstone, peering over my shoulder at the slip of paper, which bore the cryptic message "MZTGC." "It's over there under Eustace's tea-cup. Let's see, now—MX, MY—here we are. 'MZTGC: After considerable work have received the following firm offer.'"

"Well, go on," said Burwash after a pause.

"That's all there is," said Whelkstone. "See for yourselves," he added defensively.

We all saw for ourselves. "Obviously," said Hemingway, "there's been an error in transmission. Probably only one letter is wrong. What would 'MZTGG' give?"

"Offer us a dirty tankship," said Whelkstone after a few moments' search.

"Well," said Burwash, "that does make sense of a kind, but the implication is so offensive that I prefer to look for an alternative solution. In any case, we have no tankships, clean or dirty. Try 'MZTCC.'"

Anyone who has filled in a football pool coupon can readily calculate the number of permutations obtainable from five letters of which one is assumed to be a misprint. What is perhaps not so widely known is the luxuriant fertility of phrase possessed by the compilers of commercial codes. Most of the variations were woven round the theme-word "offer"; they ranged from the curt "This exactly same offer as last" to the plaintive "Why do you not reply to our firm offer, it is very embarrassing, telegraph us what you are doing."

but none of them could possibly have been what Van Ommerens meant to say. Burwash got a bit rattled after half an hour or so and began making psychic guesses which seemed reasonable enough in themselves but yielded translations like "Captain to wash the holds before arrival at loading port" and "1/6 charges excluding trimming, hire of mooring-rope and Impuesto Trafico Maritimo." After a particularly plausible code-word had construed as "Your telegram badly mutilated but we take it to mean", Burwash, who is inclined to feel responsible for things, sat down on three volumes of Lloyd's Register and put his head between his knees.

"Of course," said Eustace Plat-foot at this juncture, "the mistake you fellows are making is perfectly obvious. You're using the wrong code-book."

A hush fell upon the room.

"I'd have told you sooner," went on Eustace, "but you seemed to be enjoying yourselves."

"Give me the Hombard," said Whelkstone between clenched teeth. The Riebacker code-book was discarded like a worn-out elephant and the even huger bulk of the Hombard manœuvred into position on Whelkstone's desk. Whelkstone skimmed expertly through the pages.

"Canary seed in bags," he announced presently. "No, wait a minute, I'm looking at the wrong line. 'MZTGC: Acids and/or explosives and/or calcium carbide and/or naphtha and/or petrol in iron drums and/or alcohol.'"

"If it's all the same to them," said Hemingway, "I'll take the alcohol. Just tell them to send it up in a plain drum."

"Very humorous," snarled Burwash, "but may I remind you that this cable may be an offer of important business. Whelkstone, try 'MZTCG.'"

"It is not funny," said Whelkstone.

"Of course it's not," said Burwash, somewhat mollified. "What does it give for 'MZTCG'?"

"It is not funny," said Whelkstone.

"What the blazes is the matter with everybody this morning?"

shouted Burwash. "Eustace babbles about grass to spare, and Whelkstone gibbers like a cracked gramophone record, and the rest of you stand gaping like a troupe of performing sea-lions. Here, let me see that book." He pushed Whelkstone aside and ran his finger down the left-hand column. "MZTCE-CF. MZTCG: 'It is not funny.'"

During the next five seconds you could have heard a pin drop. Then the enormous code-book, which had been creeping glacier-like down the inclined top of Whelkstone's desk, tilted over the edge. Fortunately Burwash got his foot out of the way in time, and as far as our own office was concerned the only damage was caused by Eustace Plat-foot's half-empty tea-cup leaping

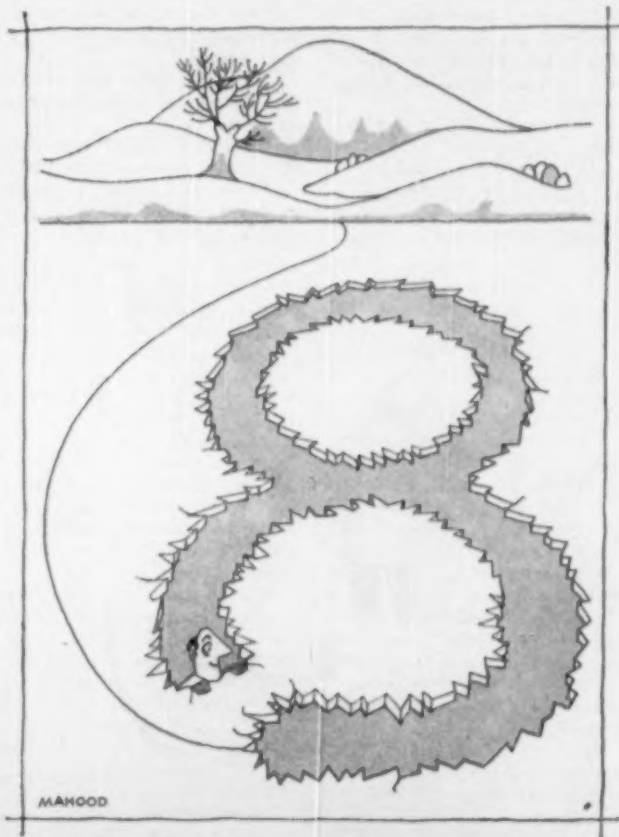
six inches into the air. From the office below came sounds of hurried movement, falling plaster and the distant ringing of a burglar-alarm.

Van Ommerens' plain-language cable, dispatched in reply to our urgent inquiry, was received soon after lunch. It ran: "SORRY OMITTED TWO GROUPS STOP HAVE FIRM OFFER SIX THOUSAND TONS ESPARTO GRASS BIZERTA TO ROTTERDAM FOUR DOLLARS EIGHTY—VAN-OMMERENS."

"If there's a horse called Esparto running this afternoon," said Eustace, "I shall back it."

There was none, but an each-way investment on an animal named Morse Code yielded Eustace a net profit of two and threepence.

G. D. R. DAVIES



THE SOUP. THE FISH—THE GAME!

SUDDENLY, the solid young female on my left turned on me. "Do you play lacrosse?" she

I skidded badly off a leg of chicken into the middle of my sprouts.

"No," I said.

"I play lacrosse," said the young female.

"That must be marvellous," I beamed, casually retrieving a sprout from the table-cloth. I have a *thing* for sprouts.

"It is rather marvellous," said the young female.

"Yes," I said. "It must be."

"It is," she said.

We racked our brains. She won.

"We haven't got a very good pitch, though," she deplored.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said. Even with my inadequate knowledge of the sport I know that a good pitch is essential to its true enjoyment.

"It's much more fun on a good pitch," she explained.

"I'm sure it is," I said.

"Our pitch is rather bumpy."

I was beginning to run out of sympathizing sentences.

"What a shame," I managed to think of. "Bumpy pitch, eh! Too bad."

"Yea. It's terribly difficult to run on."

"I know," I brightened up. "I remember that when I was at school we had a bumpy rugger pitch, and when you were running along and you came to a bump you felt as if your legs were being pushed upwards."

"How funny," said the girl.

"I've never felt like that."

"Oh," I hastily wiped my face clear of its happy smile. "Well, I expect our pitch was a bit bumpier than yours."

"I shouldn't think it was. Ours is a very bumpy pitch."

"So was ours," I said, stoutly. "It was known as one of the bumpiest pitches in the county. It was a byword."

"Ours is quite well known. Everybody hates coming to play on our pitch."

"Everybody hated coming to play on ours. It was a beastly pitch."

There was a pause. I thought we had exhausted the subject of pitches.

But we hadn't.

"Of course," said the girl, "it's much more dangerous to play lacrosse on a bumpy pitch than it is to play rugger on a bumpy pitch, because in lacrosse you keep your eyes up all the time, and in rugger you're always looking down."

"I wouldn't say that," I said. "I can remember being tripped up once or twice by some of the particularly bad bumps while watching the ball go over my head."

"Yes, but only once or twice," insisted this young fiend. "Usually when I play lacrosse I keep getting tripped up by the bumps. Time after time in one afternoon. But our pitch is much bumpier than yours, of course."

I was becoming a little piqued by this constant belittling of our bumps.

"Our pitch was so bumpy," I said firmly, "that they brought the junior forms out there during P.T. to jump up and down on the bumps to flatten them. They did it for years."

"We use a roller," said the girl. "It doesn't help, though. We keep on telling the groundsman about it, but he never pays any attention."

"Our groundsman wasn't much good, either," I commiserated.

"Oh, no, our groundsman's *frightfully* good, but he just won't do anything about the lacrosse pitch."

Getting at our groundsman
now. I thought fast.

"Our groundsman was really an excellent groundsman," I explained, "but he wouldn't do very much for us. He spent most of his time on the first fifteen pitch."

"Oh," said the girl. "What team were you in, then?"

"I was in the third fifteen," I admitted, with reluctance. "What team are you in?"

"I'm in our *first* team for lacrosse," the girl announced, emphatically—paused a moment, to make sure that I had grasped the point—and turned back to her meal. She didn't say another word to me all the evening. . . .



"All right! All right! I stand corrected . . .
'Nor any drop to drink.'"

AT THE PLAY

Flowers for the Living (DUCHESS)
The Medicine Man (EMBASSY)



STILL feel about *Flowers for the Living* as I did when I saw it at the New Lindsay two years ago: its background is an impressive social document, its first act is uncommonly good, and the behaviour of its heroine is incredible. Changes in the cast have not made me feel differently.

It is about a girl who, after success in the A.T.S., finds she cannot return to her family's slum tenement, and who, frightened by the example of her pathetic mother, is brutally unkind to her fiancé until won back by him through his unlikely revelation of dimly aesthetic aspirations. If Miss TOM BLOCK had made *Lily* a nervy creature, or the homecoming corporal a man less obviously the exact opposite of *Lily's* boozy wastrel of a father, we might perhaps have accepted the girl's unnatural behaviour; but as it is *Lily* is shown to be the one level-headed member of her family, and the young man is made particularly nice. *Lily's* sudden panic lest she be sucked back into the familiar circle of dirt, scenes and babies is as unconvincing as its evaporation at the first hint in *Stan* of incoherent poetry.

But though the story goes adrift, the earlier scenes are an unusually balanced account of slum conditions. They are neither sentimental nor propagandist. They are life; and they faithfully sum up the tragedy, the humour and the courage of the very poor. It cannot be helped that, because the dialogue is in Cockney, the sillier members of the audience



Raising Cain

(Flowers for the Living)

Mr. Holmes—MR. NOEL CAREY; Dickie Holmes—WILLIAM STRANGE
 Mrs. Holmes—MISS KATHLEEN HARRISON; Stan Roberts—MR. BARRY MORSE; Lily Holmes—MISS NOVA PILBEAM

mistake pathos for comedy; and certainly Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON's exquisite and sensitive performance as the mother is so shot through with natural wit that laughter is never far removed. What a cause for gladness that at last Miss HARRISON has been promoted from the endless answering of bells! She walks away with this play. Miss NOVA PILBEAM makes *Lily* hard and unselfish by turns, which appears to be the author's intention. Mr. BARRY

MORSE is capital as the honest *Stan* of the beginning, but can only struggle manfully with *Stan* grown soulful. One would avoid Mr. NOEL CAREY's *Father* at closing-time on Saturday night, and a special word of praise goes to WILLIAM STRANGE for his engaging little devil, *Lily's* brother.

Also about the poor, this time in Scotland,

is Mr. JAMES FORSYTH's *The Medicine Man*. It is terribly diffuse and rambling, yet it leaves behind the feeling that he has good things to say and may one day say them with force. His hero is a market-place quack, a big, drunken, good-hearted fellow whose oratory persuades even himself of the potency of the pink nostrum with which he tries to cure his dying mistress (nobody is ever allowed to be married in the shabbier corners of stage Scotland). When she grows worse, and he believes he has poisoned her, he tries to kill himself by drinking his wares; and when analysis proves them innocuous, he makes a desperate effort (in a most sociable police-cell) to work a miracle. This last scene doesn't come off, but is a brave attempt.

The market-place types are rather good. Mr. ARCHIE DUNCAN goes part of the way to explain the quack's powers, and Miss BETTY HENDERSON's dignity as the afflicted woman is quietly touching.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

VENUS OBSERVED—*St. James's*—Laurence Olivier in Christopher Fry's poetic pyrotechnics.

THE HEIRESS—*Haymarket*—Wendy Hiller and Godfrey Tearle successfully take over a winner.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.

*(The Medicine Man)*

Mumbo Jumbo

George Lوران—MR. ARCHIE DUNCAN

MACHINE AGE ART

IN what way do machines, mass-production, the industrial scene affect the artist? It depends of course (and there is a certain comfort in feeling that this person still exists) on the individual. Some artists who stoutly maintain that trees, sky, the good earth and human nature are unchanging put the question out of their minds and make off to work, when ever possible in places as little altered by the passage of time and the advance of progress as they can find.

Can their "escapist" art (as it is now sometimes called, perhaps with an implied disapproval) be good? The answer unquestionably is that it can. There is the best of modern landscape to prove it.

There are other artists who, while they may heartily dislike the "machine age," are fascinated by it and find in it a stimulus to creation. There are poets and painters who have prowled round slag heaps and in the more unprepossessing industrial quarters of cities in search of the vivid contemporary image. Their imagination is quickened, even if embittered. For them the spectacle, sordid as it may appear, is fantastic; and fantasy, too, has its place in visual no less than in literary art.

In a third category are the artists who, in their own peculiar way, somewhat different from that

of the engineer, the car driver or the airman, really like machines and everything that goes with them. These are not beings apart, spectators and critics of the "machine age"—they are in it, as one might say, up to their necks, and this has a decisive effect not only on what they paint and draw but on how they do it. They are not interested, as specialists, in space, light, nature, but in cogs, rails, tubes, stop-and-go signals and internal combustion engines. They express this interest by means of symbols and conventions, by forms as hard and clear-cut as a precision tool and colours as flat and bright as cellulose enamel.



A main exponent of this "style mécanique" is M. Fernand Léger, an esteemed veteran of the School of Paris, though not apparently very well known in Britain, whose work is now on view at the Tate Gallery in an exhibition arranged by the Arts Council and the Association Française d'Action Artistique. It shows how from an early attachment to Cubism (1909-1913) he moved on to less abstract ideas. The First World War—giving him a thunderous welcome to the "machine age"—added its impetus. He was "dazzled by the breech of a 75 mm. gun. . . A complete revelation to me both as a man and as a

painter." He saw the *poids* as a kind of auxiliary mechanism, and painted him thus in 1917 playing cards in the trenches with fingers like cartridge-cases. Peace brought fresh vistas of mechanical promise, and he produced canvases as bright and restless as its electric signs. In due time he introduced human figures, though his tubular women and wiry acrobatic men were still subordinated to his mechanist outlook and method of composition.

What are the qualities of this form of art? There is a good deal one can like in it. It is not natural but it is not morbidly otherwise. It is as gay as bright colours can make it. It is energetic. It is decorative—one can see it, that is, as an effective part of modern décor, for example, in those last refinements of industrial society, the luxurious cocktail bar and the skyscraper penthouse.

It is not, however, wholly satisfactory—as indeed the idea of a "machine age" is not. It lacks the special magic of picture painting which creates three dimensions out of two. It is as flat as a poster, the limitations (as well as the merits) of which it shares. It is typical of our time without being a very subtle or imaginative view of it. It is not the only possible art of our time—for even the "machine age" is simply what we like to think it is.

WILLIAM GAUNT

§ §

PINKERFLY

YOUNG Pinkerton, bewitched by Butterfly,

Wed, fled and wed; came back, and saw her die.

That's a short story. But the other one?

What came of infant Butter-Pinkerton?

That's what we all demand to know, say I;

What was the future of young Pinkerfly?

Half white, half yellow, like a tiny tent,

Who picked him up and whither was he sent?

Took his stepmother him to Omaha,

Perpetual reproach to poor papa!

Was it the hapless and enduring Consul

Be-rusked his teeth, observed his infant tonsil,

Sent him to school and washed behind his ears

And foster-Consulted him for twenty years?

Grew he from Pinkerchild to Buttermilk,

Strapping though pallid product of Japan?

Or, in a whirl of frats and cokes and dates,

Grew he at last to manhood in those States?

And, warlike Pinkerfly or Buttermilk,

Fought on which side in 1911?

R. P. LISTER



"Don't bother to wrap it up—I'll play it home."

DWARFS PREFERRED, IF ANYTHING

"PURCELL'S music," a silly woman once said to a musician, "is just a bad copy of Handel's."

The musician pointed out that at the time of Purcell's death Handel was only ten years old. "Oh, well," said the woman scornfully, "you can prove anything with figures."

One of the things people are always trying to prove with figures is the improvement in the nation's health. Even Mr. Churchill resorted to it during the recent election campaign, when he told the electors of Cardiff that the children who had grown up under Tory rule "had gained an average of two inches in height and five pounds in weight compared with the standards before the first World War."

Now I seldom allow myself to disagree with Mr. Churchill, and when I do it is generally over some minor point such as the pronunciation of Montevideo; but in this matter of equating height and health it is clear we differ fundamentally. Mr. Churchill asks us to approve because between, say, 1914 and 1939 the average child's length has gone up by two inches. Presumably this gain is maintained throughout the child's growth; if not, if they merely attain the same average height a little sooner, then it is hard to see how anyone benefits except the bus and railway companies, who will be less easily duped into issuing "halves" to unentitled persons. The average height of adult

males in England is now five feet seven and a quarter inches; so, if child-welfare continues on the present scale, in 1975 it will be five feet nine and a quarter, and by the turn of the century we shall be a race of Grenadiers verging on six feet tall.

I do not need to emphasize the appalling discomforts we shall then undergo in theatres, cinemas, Underground trains and so on; nor the increased cost of clothing and feeding ourselves; nor the drop in the payloads of aeroplanes and so on. Nor need I stress the lowering of the moral standard which this all-round enlargement is bound to bring—or need I, perhaps? It is a phenomenon

not immediately obvious, but it can easily be demonstrated with statistics.

To take a random example, in 1935 there were one hundred and fifty-seven convictions in this country under the Education Act. In 1945, when it is fair to assume that the average child had gained .8 inch in height and two pounds in weight, there were no less than one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine such convictions, and in spite of the lure of free milk and cheap dinners the figures are still rising. Why? Obviously for two main reasons—first, because big children can more easily masquerade as over fifteen than small children; and, second, because all the desks and things will have been made for a shorter community altogether and will have become hideously uncomfortable.

Then consider, also at random, the case of conscience-money. Conscience-money is a fair index of the state of the national conscience; and we find that whereas in 1915-16 conscience-money paid to the Treasury totalled £1,905 7s. 11d., by 1938-39 it was no less than £5,541 0s. 6d. Far from indicating a two-and-a-half-fold improvement in

the nation's moral welfare this must surely mean that two-and-a-half times as many taxpayers had swindled the Government and were trying to square themselves—and they must have had uneasy consciences indeed before they would do that. Small wonder that to deal with this new and taller, but less righteous, race of Britons the strength of the police had to be enlarged by eleven thousand six hundred and eighteen, or over 20 per cent, between 1936 and 1948. And may it not be that behind this enlargement is the subconscious desire to direct into firmly regimented employment the increasing numbers of tall men beginning to appear on the streets?

By way of compensation, we might expect that these new Titans would show some physical improvement; indeed, I imagine that is just what Mr. Churchill meant us to believe. But look at the figures: of all the international athletics records, only two are held by Great Britain (the half-mile and the women's half-mile) and those records were put up in 1938, before the Welfare State was even a blue-print. And the best recorded time for the

Boat Race, 18 minutes 3 seconds, was set up as long ago as 1934 by undergraduates who must have been a full inch shorter and over two pounds lighter than the undergraduate of to-day.

I could multiply such instances indefinitely, given a good reference book; but I think I have already given fair grounds for the conclusion that the disadvantages of being small (inability to see the Lord Mayor's Show, slowness in being served at railway buffets, etc.) are trivial in comparison with the greater issues involved. Instead of boasting of our rising bulk we should set ourselves to find a solution to this very grave problem.

If we can do so by studying statistics, of course, and not reducing our diet, so much the better.

B. A. YOUNG

§ §

"In view of Mr. Joint's visit to England a decision on the controversial and vital issue of the prices to be paid by the United Kingdom for Argentine meat is not expected until after the British elections."—"The Times"

Mr. Joint was more cautious than his colleague in the sugar industry.



"And what, madam, is that supposed to indicate?"

BOOKING OFFICE

Two Novels from America

THE fiction that came out of the first war was long delayed, and was then mainly a reflection of battle. The second war is producing an earlier crop, most of which seems to deal with the impact of armies on occupied communities. So many more civilian lives were upset, in areas so much greater, that perhaps this is only to be expected. Mr. Linklater has told us memorably about the comedy of the war in Italy; its darker side is to be found, acidly described, in a new novel by Mr. Alfred Hayes, who is likely to increase by it the reputation he won over here a year ago with "The Girl on the Via Flaminia."

All *Thy Conquests* is palpably of the school of Hemingway, whose praise decorates the cover. It pulls no punches. The reader is spared little of the squalid aspects of the entry of exhausted, disillusioned men into a bankrupt and hopeless city. This Rome was not the cultural paradise of tourist postcards; these visitors had fought their way from the sea, and were for the most part young, sick of war, and very far from home. You have been warned; but though the influence of Hemingway is strong in it, this is a novel in its own right, that discovers beauty and compassion in the tragedy of the rough stuff of life.

A number of parallel stories are cut into each other as they might be in a film. Only those who were in Italy at the time could say if the seamy side of the picture is overdone. Certainly it bears a deadly conviction. On the one hand was a desperate effort to forget, on the other a scramble for cash by a people who had no leaders and no purpose except somehow to go on living. Roman society was falling over itself backwards in belated repudiation of Fascism, while a new underworld was filling the shadows with vice and crime. This may all sound very sordid, but the feeling of the book is something larger and finer than its subject at first suggests. Mr. Hayes is not being realistic for the fun of it. He is writing a treatise on the human spirit under pressure, and his sympathy and imagination qualify him to do so. From the first page to the last of a novel of deep understanding his characters are alive.

Not since the Don Juan scene in *Man and Superman* has Hell been explored with such ruthless gaiety as it is in *The Devil's Own Dear Son*, which happens to be nothing less than Mr. James Branch Cabell's fiftieth work. In malice, irreverence and general outrageousness it goes a long way, but a twinkle in Mr. Cabell's eye shines through it, and there is a highly civilized edge to his satire. He is not the first to question the sanity of fallen angels who needlessly added to their housework by the too vigorous recruitment of sinners, but no other observer of the lower depths, I believe, has reported a complete reversal of infernal foreign policy. Satan and his Chiefs of Staff, he tells us, are at last wise to the extent to which they have themselves been victimized. Taking a leaf from up-to-date

human methods, they have evicted their toasted populations to wander among the planets as displaced persons, and, finally raking out the furnaces, have settled down to a gentlemanly order in which their only exertion is to maintain mortals in the path of virtue. This important discovery is made by Mr. Cabell's hero, proprietor of a shabby hotel in a prim town in Florida, who talks his way into Hell—he could have talked his way into the Kremlin—to visit his father, a devil with the ladies. There he is confronted by himself, living out the rosy dreams of his youth, and the spectacle so appals him that he returns happily to his hotel, to which his diabolic parent generously contributes an oil circulator and a coat of paint.

Although at times you might scarcely think so, the book is thus a tract with a highly proper moral. It is crammed with perverse and ingenious argument, set forth in ripely windy conversation that loses no chance of tilting with impudent gravity at the American way of life. Only with the utmost reluctance am I impelled to point out a three-line paragraph on page 133 that means nothing at all.

ERIC KEOWE

A Satirist Redrawn

Mr. Gordon Roc's portrait of Rowlandson was rather a conversation-piece, in which the artist was practically buried beneath a portfolio of prints. In *Thomas Rowlandson: His Life and Art* Mr. Bernard Falk presents his hero with accuracy and detail, and reproduces a drawing of the amiable rake. The value of his text lies in the painstaking research which has produced new information about the artist's father—a London tradesman—



"If only G. K. Chesterton could see you now."

as well as his patron Mathew Michell, and demolishes the legend that the precocious student of the R. A. Schools studied two years in Paris. A demerit is the sometimes inept criticism and too-frequent invocation of names, which suggest that the author is hardly at home in the realm of graphic art. Admirably chosen, however, are the many plates (in colour and monochrome) of country scenes and assemblies, satires and military reviews, rapidly drawn with a reed pen, flooded with delicate colour, and clearly indicating a source of Caldecott's inspiration.

N. A. D. W.

Behind the Line

Mr. Alexander Baron's *There's No Home* is a novel about the war: not the training and fighting he described so finely in "From The City, From the Plough" but the breathing-spaces behind the line. During the Sicilian campaign a company goes into billets to rest and await reinforcements. The men make friends with the population, become relaxed and domesticated, are gradually toned up again to fighting pitch and march away to land in Italy. The core of the book is a love affair between a sergeant and a Sicilian woman, and numbers of subsidiary characters and episodes expertly disposed round the main theme illustrate varying kinds of military and civilian behaviour. Mr. Baron's economical, tender, comprehensive writing, never vulgar even when sentimental, never attempting to penetrate below the traditional realities of birth and death and peace and war, paints simple surfaces and simple depths so effortlessly that his skill is almost invisible. He can be unreservedly recommended to many differing publics.

R. G. C. P.



Hollowood

Il Poverello

The time-honoured jibe that all religious orders should have died with their founders is particularly cogent as regards *St. Francis of Assisi*, whose stark gospel poverty was deleted among his own sons in his own lifetime. This was well rubbed in by M. Sabatier, who showed up organized religion as the prime enemy of mysticism. M. Omer Englebert, with half a century's new research behind him—not to mention half a century's evidence that mysticism vanishes when organized religion disappears—has given both *St. Francis* and the Church their due. Some of *St. Francis's* vitamins have not survived ecclesiastical processing, but without the processing *St. Francis* might have followed Peter Waldo into oblivion. Here, then, is a balanced, candid and highly illuminating biography, with no literary airs. The author cannot, he says, reproduce the charm of the "Fioretti", and his translator is obviously of the same mind. But no lover of *St. Francis* can afford to overlook their labours.

H. P. E.

Isles of Greece

"Haunted by numberless islands," and specifically by those that "laugh their pride when the light wave lips 'Greece,'" Mr. Christopher Kininmonth went voyaging about the Aegean seeking confirmation of his conjecture that "if we can comprehend an island we shall understand life." Naturally he was not quite successful in that high quest, but he brought back from it a store of fruitful memories which, in *The Children of Thetis*, he has turned into a book both lively and philosophic. Vividly aware of a tremendous past, he never allows himself to be overwhelmed by it; and, though he has an excellent gift of scenic description, the figures in his landscape are even more important than the mountains or the ruins. Tavern talk furnishes some of the best of his pages, for, as behoves a traveller in the European south, he takes pleasure in his wine. He has a whole exciting chapter devoted to the surviving, if transmuted, cult of Dionysus.

F. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- All Thy Conquests*. Alfred Hayes. (Gollancz, 9/-).
The Devil's Own Dear Son. James Branch Cabell. (Bodley Head, 8/6).
Thomas Rowlandson: His Life and Art. Bernard Falk. Hutchinson, £3 3s).
There's No Home. Alexander Baron. (Cape, 9/6).
St. Francis of Assisi. Omer Englebert; translated and edited by Edward Hutton. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 16/-).
The Children of Thetis. Christopher Kininmonth. (John Lehmann, 15/-).

Other Recommended Books

- British Waters in Their Haunts*. S. Baylis Smith. (Bell, 21/-). Fine photographs of marshland and shore birds; text informative both ornithologically and photographically. A big, attractive book for both experts and seekers for visual pleasure.
Motoring Abroad. Rodney Walkerley. (Temple Press, 10/6). Useful for those about to tour in France, Switzerland, North Italy, the Netherlands. Information about routes, hotels, wine, prices. Good photographs, and "decorations" by Brockbank.

A MAN OF PARTS

I HAD been "resting" ever since I left the Rep at Bogbury. Six months had gone by and I was beginning to lose heart—and weight. Then, just as I was thinking of giving up the profession and going into the Civil Service like everyone else, opportunity called. It happened in a third-class railway carriage near Scunthorpe.

"Time's getting short," the older of the two men was saying. "Monty and Churchill have turned us down. I suppose I could get the mayor, but I want to try to keep up the tone."

"It looks as if it will have to be Lord Bandey again. That will be the third time running." The younger man sounded resigned to this dismal prospect.

At this point I took the momentous decision and intervened.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I gather you are stuck over your Speech Day. I think I could get my friend General

Tellingham for you if you'd care to have him. He had a distinguished career in India and is a very effective speaker."

The proprietors of St. Wilfred's Preparatory School, for so they proved to be, jumped at the offer. I casually mentioned that the general would expect his expenses (retired people were having a bad time these days), but they raised no objection.

I made the general a red-faced crusted old fellow. His reminiscences of the North-West Frontier delighted the boys, his commendation of those who had failed to win prizes impressed the parents, and his peroration on the school's tradition brought lumps to Old Wilfredian throats. Three days later I received a cheque for ten guineas.

I began to see the possibilities. Discreet letters to a score of carefully selected schools brought an encouraging response, and I worked the general hard for the next few

months. When I thought I might be overdoing him I introduced Bishop Gooder, a genial old prelate from the North Pacific Islands with a fund of stories about the head-hunters of New Wagga. Professor Saltry, an advanced educationist from Wisconsin, was my next invention. He rapidly became a favourite with the progressive schools—the headmasters always seemed to have read his books.

My ambition grew. I took an office and called myself the "V.I.P. Agency." There are all kinds of quaint societies that love being lectured at by miscellaneous celebrities, and these became my standby. Occasional dinner parties were more lucrative but demanded considerable finesse; my circulars were discretion itself: "A guest of outstanding eminence cannot fail to enhance the social prestige of the host. . . ." In the personality of the general I managed to acquire two



or three directorships; the name looked well on the letter paper. My other characters prospered too. Bishop Gooder was offered the chairmanship of a society for bringing backward peoples forward. In an excess of zeal he accepted it before discovering that the post was unpaid; by good fortune it led to some remunerative contacts. A northern university actually offered the professor a chair. He reluctantly declined, but accepted the invitation to join the B.B.C.'s Celebrity Quiz, and his vivid imagination soon made him a favourite in this Light Programme educational feature.

But the really big chance came to the general. He had been lecturing on Afghanistan (I owe a lot to the *Geographical Magazine*) and I was packing up my lantern slides when I was approached by a member of the audience, whose large cigar and fur collar struck an incongruous note in the village hall. It was Hasselbaum, of Patriotic Pictures Ltd., and he was searching the country for a thoroughly authentic military type. He had seen scores of generals, brigadiers and even colonels, but he recognized

Tellingham as the real prototype of the species.

If you saw *Wives of a Bengal Lancer* you will remember I stole the picture. The general's second rôle as the merry old bishop in *Clerical Capers* (he couldn't expect to play soldiers every time) was equally successful. With his American professor in *Love and Learning* he definitely attained stardom. Since then there has been no looking back.

I now have a fabulous salary and all the parts I want. I suppose I shouldn't grumble, but there are times when the general's sixty years and walrus whiskers are a shocking handicap to a young man. Besides, I'm jealous; it infuriates me to see his name in Leicester Square and to read the critics: "That grand old actor General Tellingham has done it again. He shows our younger actors . . ."

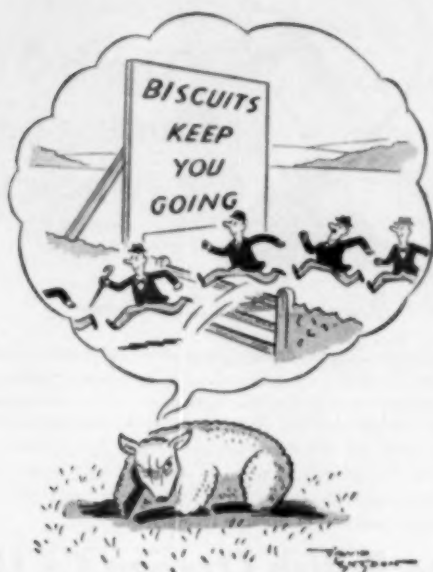
PHILOSOPHIC SONNET

AN old man with a plaster on his nose
Holds more of truth than most of us would think,
And I myself when waiting for a drink
Have heard strange wisdom 'twixt the sniffs and blows.
What moody things we are, and with what pain
We dark ones shave our chins before the night,
Only to flounder in the morning light
And cry "O Lord, the damned thing's back again."
I am not one of those who shout all day
And when their friend's in trouble start to scoff,
I know too well the mystery and the way
The slightest things can plunge us in the trough;
Unpin the atom and there's hell to pay,
Remove the plaster and the nose falls off.



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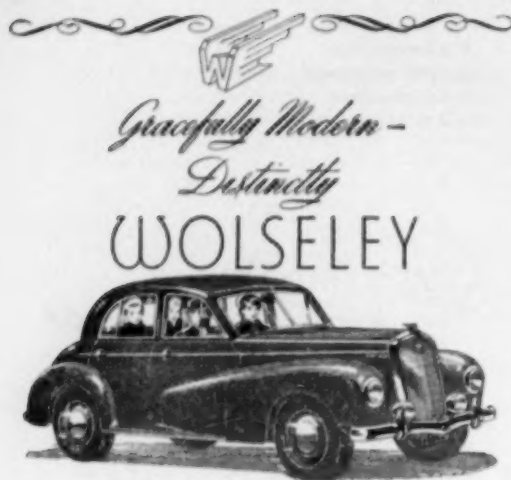
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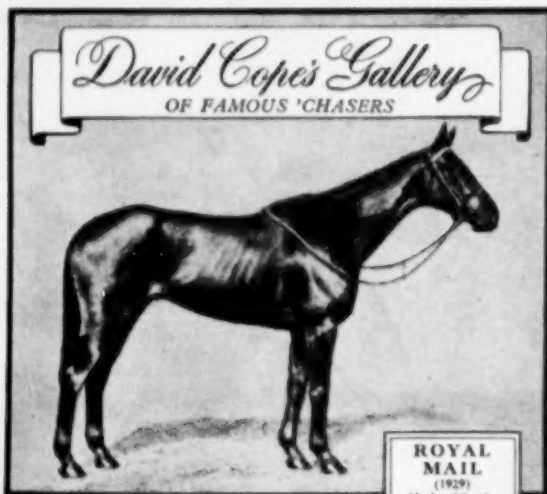
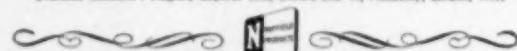
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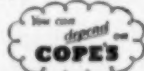
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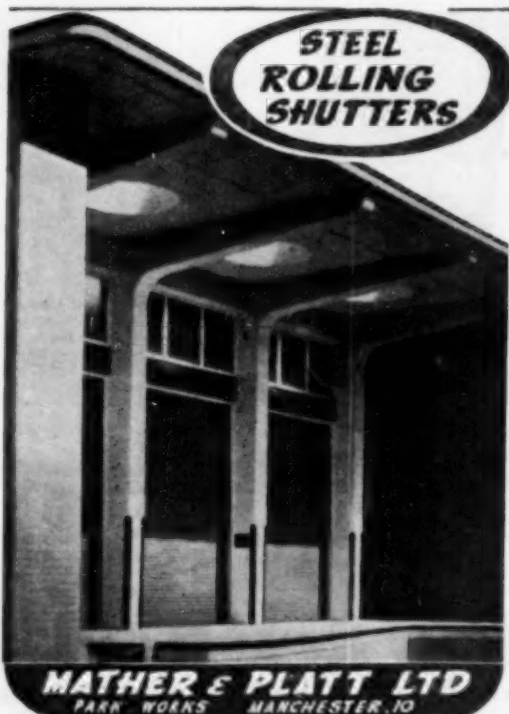
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'There's nothing to worry about'

No one can measure the relief felt by a mother on hearing the doctor's reassuring words. Even the most carefully cherished baby can pick up an infection, and it is then that the strength of the child is tested to the limit.

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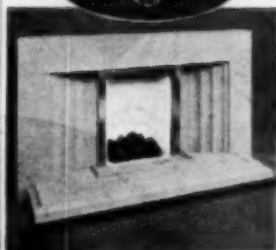
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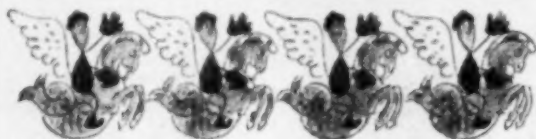
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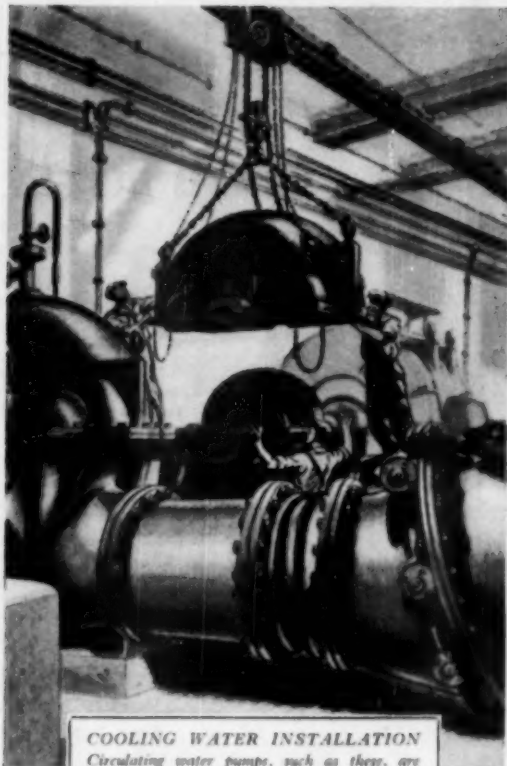
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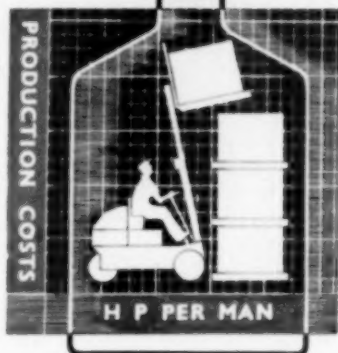
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